THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS,

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, &c.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } Editors and Proprietors.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

{ ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821. WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 2034. }

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

She sits beside a lonely hearth
And listens to the autumn rain,
Which, like a shower of sorrowing tears,
Is falling on the window pane.
Silent it comes from mossy eaves,
And yet, throughout the livelong day,
Upon the glass have tapped the leaves,
Like withered fingers of decay—
Drop, drop, drop,
It patters on the roof and falls
Down mossy eaves and shelving walls.

'Tis dark! No sunbeam now may seize
The prisoned rainbows in those drops;
No liquid diamond with its ray
The vagrant fancy wills and stops.
But flickering shadows on the wall,
Gliding, like phantoms, in and out,
The pattering raindrops as they fall
In murm'ring cadence from without,
Drop, drop, drop,
Lulling the senses to repose,
A charm like music o'er her throws.

Alone, she dreams the eve away,
Watching the glittering tongues of flame,
Which mid the dying embers play,
Like things which have a shape and name.
The shadows of the sweet twilight
Have faded into deeper gloom,
Mimics the day no softened light
Within the dark and silent room.
But drop, drop, drop,
The rain in quiet, ceaseless falls,
Comes from the mossy eaves and walls.

Where men have lived, where men have died,
Where childish voices have been heard,
Where home affections have the tide
Of life's refluent wavelets stirred,
There dwell, impalpable as air,
The shadows of the real,
And Fancy's fingers, light and fair,
Unveil the soft ideal.
No widowed wife, no childless mother
With cheek grown thin and pale,
Sits listening now to hear the rain,
Take up its dull, unwearying tale,
Drop, drop, drop,
But all the room is filled with light,
With joyous tones and faces bright.

Now glide in here, soft dimpled hands,
Kisses her smiling eyelids close,
And loving fingers smooth the bands
Of glossy hair which round her flows.
Oh, murmuring rain, oh, autumn rain,
Flow on with melancholy sound,
'Twere cruel now to hush thy strain,
And break the spell by which she's bound.
Drop, drop, drop.
Alas! those lips are still and cold,
Those gentle fingers 'neath the mould.

'Tis many a day since little hands
Toyed with those faded tresses,
'Tis many a day since those pale lips
Were warmed by love's caresses.
Yet lost to all this outward world,
She lives her life alone, apart,
And o'er her wasted cheek but comes
The glow of fires within her heart—
Drop, drop, drop,
She looks not outward through the gloom,
Nor thinks it falls upon the tomb.

And thus is ours a twofold life,
One half awake, one half in dreams,
Until illusions are more rife
With truth than that which is, and seems.
Then bless the fancies which beguile
The heart from real, present pain,
And list with drowsy ear the while
The murmur of the autumn rain,
Drop, drop, drop,
As pattering on the roof it falls,
From mossy eaves, and shelving walls.

Natchitoches, La., 1860.

"THE BAD BARON OF KINGSWOOD."

VIOLET:

OR,

THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHASE

BY PIERCE EGAN.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XV.

Erle Gower remained for some little time in the crushed, bowed, prostrate position into which he sunk when Lady Maud, with an agony of dismay and despair, fled from him.

The solemn stillness of the ancient chamber was broken only by his convulsive breathing, occasioned by the intensity of the emotion which not only overpowered but seemed to paralyze him.

But like a sweep through his brain such a whirlwind of tumultuous thoughts, such a torrent of wild imaginings and maddening reflection that ultimately, like a fiery steed, spur-goaded, he leaped from his seat, and paced that lone, dreary apartment with irregular and impatient strides.

Love! To him hitherto it had been but a name, an intangible emotion, whose nature, proportion limits, were unknown to him—In his heart there had long been a void of whose existence he was conscious, a yearning, a secret inclination to attach himself to some one human being, but affection had never been extended to him, nor had it hitherto been called up within him. His relations with others had been of a purely social character, and of the commonest kind, until his arrival at Kingswood, and his secret interview with Maud in that old library had commenced. Then he was conscious that between him and her those relations assumed a different aspect, still only such as friendship pure and simple would originate and countenance.

If he felt that within his breast there was germinating a feeling of dislike—perhaps an emotion more powerful—to Philip Avon, it seemed to him principally to be excited by an impression that the latter designed to monopolize that fair friendship he intended should be the spring and spirit of his life.

There dawned not upon him one simple flash of light to disclose the true meaning of his warm admiration of those eyes so sweetly beautiful, that face so wondrous fair, and form so refined and graceful. Nor did it strike him that the incessant recurrence of her image to his mind, the craving to be in her presence, the reluctance with which he parted from her, had any other motive or source than pertained to friendship.

The story in the book had opened his eyes gradually, his own impulsive, passionate pressure of her lips had completed the work. Now he knew his heart was irrevocably gone, and the structure of his happiness had been raised upon a quicksand, which had engulphed it even before a single beam of sunshine had illuminated it for one brief moment.

His quick and active intelligence now revealed all to him. He loved her from the moment his eye rested upon her confused, flushed face, when, craving his pardon for mistaking him for Cousin Cyril, she stood in the doorway prepared for flight. He understood now the nature of his antipathy to Philip Avon, and why he could not feel at ease with, or quite friendly towards, Cyril Kingswood.

The discovery was a terrible revelation to him; he comprehended only too vividly his position. He saw that Lady Maud was no mate for him, and that in at once resigning all hope to gain her, it was his duty to keep the secret which an accident had betrayed, but betrayed only to themselves.

And so he determined, though his heart should break—as break he felt it must—never to reveal to another what that morning had unveiled.

But to stay at Kingswood, to be occasionally in her society, perhaps left at times alone with her, or be seated by her side, where none could overhear the words that might fall from the lips of either, was an ordeal to which he would not subject himself and would spare her.

Yes, he decided that the only truly honorable path open to him was to quit Kingswood at once and forever. Conscious that his coming had been of a mysterious character, he did not wish his going, for the sake of Lord Kingswood, should have the same complexion, and he formed the resolution to see him immediately and arrange with him the mode of his departure and the future scene of his lone and isolated life.

He turned his inflamed eyes about the room ere he took his last farewell of the time-blackened walls, and a terrible heart-rending groan burst from his lips. He sank upon the seat where she had sat, bent his head over the book she had read with him, and kissed with quivering lips the place where her gentle hand had rested.

He read down once more the last lines of that story of the maiden and the youth, in which the conversion of friendship into love had revealed the true state of his own heart, and the characters seemed written in letters of fire.

Oh, but they were so truthful, so convincing, so overpowering, that he was left with no loophole by which he could escape from his assumption that love, and not friendship only, was the sentiment Lady Maud had inspired him with.

He hastily wrote a few words on the broad margin of the leaf, and then conveyed the book to the place whence it had been taken.

In returning, he saw upon the floor a glove—it was one Lady Maud had dropped in her flight; upon the reading-desk lay a flower—one she had gathered, and perhaps by accident, placed near to his hand.

He pressed both to his lips, and placed them next to his heart.

Once more a long, sorrowful survey of the antique chamber and its grim appointments, was taken by him, because that he believed he now looked his last upon it. In the coming time, blank and drear as it promised to be, it might not be that he should forget this scene, but he yet was anxious to fix upon his memory the shape and form of every object, with its surroundings, situated where he had parted with her forever. Therefore his sad eyes rested upon each spot with prolonged and steadfast earnestness.

Most of all did they dwell upon the seat on which they had sat together in such close proximity—she leaning upon his shoulder, and with her soft eyes perusing the contents of that page which he read in a voice low, rich and musical—where, in truth, she, with him, had arrived at that startling *denouement* which drew from her a gaze so intense and thrilling, and from him that impulsive commission of an indiscretion which made his cheek the hue of scarlet.

Those alone who have suddenly met with some treasure dearly prized, to have it abruptly snatched from them, can measure the agony with which he had found love an inhabitant of his heart, only to see its object torn from him forever. They will understand the emotion which made him compress his hands, his lips quiver, and his eyes grow humid, as he bent his last longing, lingering gaze upon that seat, now so desolately vacant, and, disregarding all considerations of pride and fortitude, to give way to a burst of weakness which no mental or bodily torture could have forced from him in the presence of another human eye.

And while bowed in anguish upon that seat, he was startled, and his blood chilled, by a long, low, unearthly moan, which sounded in the chamber as though some one near to him was in mortal agony.

He sprang to his feet and gazed around him, but nothing met his gaze save the marble statue of the Lady Maud of olden time, and he attributed the sound he had heard to a sough of the wind through the groined oaken rafters which supported and adorned the ceiling of the library.

Dismissing the incident from his mind, he quitted, with a heavy heart, the silent, weird-looking chamber, carefully closed and locked the doors after him, restored the quaint old key to the spot among the carvings where he had discovered it, and returned to his own apartment in the modern part of the building.

All these latter movements were purely mechanical; his mind was not occupied by them. He replaced the key whence he had taken it under a mere instinct that he should never again enter the library, and he returned to his own chambers because it seemed to him that he re-entered them to make preparations for his departure—his connection with Kingswood and those it contained having ceased forever.

Yes, upon that one determination his mind was centred. It seemed to him that he hungered to fly from the place, but withal a certain species of pride held him back from any design to attempt this stealthily. With a yet further depression of spirit, he scarce knew why, he felt that such a step would be more unnecessary than impolitic, for Lord Kingswood would be only too glad to get rid of one whose presence had already evidently occasioned him great uneasiness and embarrassment.

It was with a terrible sense of desolation there crept over him a belief that the whole world repelled him from its bosom, rejected him, flung him back upon the hard shores of his desert life, to live on alone unloved, to die unremembered.

It was at this moment he felt a soft hand laid upon his shoulder. His quick eye caught the flowing drapery of a woman's garments, and with a thrill of excitement, he sprang to his feet.

With a sigh of disappointment he perceived that Lady Kingswood stood before him.

An impression flashed upon his mind ere he noticed face or form, but the impression was a false one, for it was not her whom he had expected to see who now stood before him.

Plunged as he had been in deep abstraction, centred as his thoughts were on one object of contemplation, he could not help observing that the eyes of Lady Kingswood were fastened upon his face with an expression in which intense scrutiny, alarm, agony, and resentment were all commingled.

Her eyes flashed brilliantly, augmented in their vividness, perhaps, by the rapid action of her full eyelid. Her nostrils were widely inflated, and her bosom heaved and fell with some strange inward perturbation.

He bowed coldly and formally to her, but she laid her hand, hot and feverish, upon his, and gazed, with a piercing glance, in his eyes.

Twice or thrice she was about to make some passionate exclamation, but by an effort—a great effort—she checked herself, and said, in a voice which trembled in its utterance—

"I have been making inquiries respecting you, Mr. Gower, and not being quite satisfied with the replies I have received, it suggested itself to me to visit you, and from your own lips to learn the information I am anxious to obtain."

Erle placed a chair for her which she accepted, and then pointing to the open door of the apartment, said,

"Oblige me, Mr. Gower, by closing the door, and by taking a seat near to me."

Still coldly, and with a feeling amounting to indifference, as well as with the action of one whose mind is pressed down by a single but absorbing, crushing thought, he obeyed her.

Again she gazed in his face, and perused its lineaments with an interest which, by its earnestness and persistency, embarrassed him. His large, deep-hued, thoughtful eyes fell beneath her steadfast look, and he sat in silence, wondering why she thus regarded him, and what it heralded.

She placed once more her fevered hand upon his, and, as before, it seemed distasteful to him, and he shrunk from it, though he feared it would be rude to draw his own away.

"Mr. Gower," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "I hardly know how to commence. Yet you who have already proved yourself capable of great achievements, will, I have no doubt, prove yourself equally capable of displaying those minor, though important qualifications, which embrace a generous consideration, practical common sense, and a liberal interpretation of the views and motives of those by whom you are surrounded."

A faint smile passed over the features of Erle, but Lady Kingswood was adept enough at the art of defining the meanings of variable facial expressions to perceive that it was a bitter smile.

She was not daunted or even surprised at this. It occurred to her, situated as he had been, and even was now, that he might have fruitful cause for displaying scorn as well as bitterness.

She therefore passed it by without remark, but continued,

"You will hardly be surprised that I should touch but lightly upon your brave and daring rescue of my poor little pet, Lady Maud. She is a charming, winning, innocent, loving child, and I should have been truly grieved to part with her by such an untoward accident. I am, therefore, exceedingly grateful to you for your successful efforts to rescue her from a shocking death. And, poor, dear little soul, she is, I believe—though really I must confess she speaks very, very little about the affair—grateful, too, as, of course, she is bound to be. But, Mr. Gower, if grateful to you for her safety, what sentiment ought I to entertain for the recovery, and, therefore, rescue of my beloved and only boy Cyril? A mother's thanks embody much, I know, but still they appear to me to convey very, very inadequately the warm feelings with which your search for, and, I suspect, the rescue of my dear Cyril from the hand of some ruffianly assailant, has animated me. I am, therefore, at a loss for expressions—"

"To compliment me for that, Lady Kingswood, which your gamekeeper would, in a few minutes more, have done equally well, if not better," interposed Erle. "Pardon me, Lady Kingswood, but I hope that you have not sought me with such an object as you now intimate."

She regarded him with a look of surprise, not so much on account of his words, for those she could attribute to a native modesty of disposition, but because he rather hastily withdrew his hand from beneath her pressure—wherefore, she could not, by perusal of his features, quite understand.

"I admit, Mr. Gower," she rejoined slowly, "that I did not seek you for such a purpose alone, although naturally it was my chief incentive to pay you a visit. It is easy to perceive that with you it is best to proceed openly, without circumlocution, and without disguise. You are young, Mr. Gower, but your course of education seems to have placed an old head with a hand—a young face upon youthful shoulders, therefore I will be plain with you. After testifying to you the depth of my gratitude for Cyril's restoration to us, let me ask you to add to that gratefulness by elucidating the mystery of the transaction."

Erle shook his head thoughtfully.

"Cyril is fast recovering," she continued, quickly, "though not convalescent, and the physician has ordered him change of air and scene. Change of scene, Mr. Gower, because there is some pressure upon his mind. What originated that pressure?"

Erle opened his eyes widely.

"Lady Kingswood," he rejoined, with promptitude, "my acquaintance with Mr. Cyril Kingswood is recent and slight. Your question is rather singular, is it not?"

"No, Mr. Gower," she replied, keeping her eye fixed upon his face, "young men, when their characters, tastes, and inclinations assimilate, rapidly form friendships, in which there is a very immediate and unreserved communicativeness. Cyril has taken a very strong liking for you, has spoken of you eulogistically, and, indeed, entertained the most friendly sentiments towards you. I know his nature well. I therefore ask you as a favor to impart to me the nature of the attraction which led him to the Chace, a few evenings back, and was, of course, the forerunner of his disaster."

Erle looked grave.

"Lord Kingswood," he said, quietly, "has already put a similar question to me."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Lady Kingswood, sharply.

"And I have informed his lordship that it is not in my power to answer him."

Lady Kingswood mused for a moment, then she said,

"Possibly, you consider yourself bound by a species of romantic honor—a mere boy's promise not to reveal the weakness of a boy."

Erle colored.

"I do not comprehend your meaning, Lady Kingswood," he said, naively.

Her ladyship smiled sarcastically at what she considered his affected innocence. She turned upon him a mocking glance, a sly furtive look, which only a woman of her temperament could give.

"Were you ever in love, Mr. Gower?" she asked, abruptly.

His countenance crimsoned to a flame, and then it became as pale as ashes. His breath went and came, although he compressed his lips, in short gasps.

Had Lady Maud been deeply wounded and offended by the passionate impulse which had impelled him to press his lips to hers, in the first moment of his discovery that he loved her, and had she revealed it complainingly to Lady Kingswood?

His brow felt as if compressed with a band of heated steel, and then his veins as though all the blood had been abruptly withdrawn from them.

Again the mocking smile curled the lip of Lady Kingswood. He was more simple and innocent than she had believed him to be.

"Some little village beauty, Mr. Gower, has run away with your fancy!" she exclaimed, as, showing her white, teeth, she bent upon him a gaze such as he found it impossible to withstand.

"Indeed, no," he answered, eagerly.

"Nay, never tell me," she returned, with a laugh, by no means angry. "I read human nature too closely, and with an experience too well confirmed, to entertain any doubts upon the matter. You have stolen out of school at eventide, to walk in green lanes and golden cornfields with her, to pluck flowers to adorn her hair with, and to indulge in costly dreaming, never believing how completely the visionary structure will be one day demolished. Ah, well, well, I do not ask from you a revelation of those little sly passages in your life, but I do ask you to tell me who Cyril went to meet in the Chace."

By this time Erle had recovered himself, and he said, in an even tone,

"Indeed, Lady Kingswood, no earthly inducement would cause me to violate a confidence once reposed in me; but I may, in this case, at once frankly and freely answer you, I do not know."

"Oh! fie, Mr. Gower," she returned, raising her finger reprovingly, "remember your own incident with Lady Maud."

Again a flush of crimson overspread his face.

"My incident with Lady Maud?" he stammered, interrogatively.

"Yes," returned Lady Kingswood. "Pray do not blush so. My pet Maud has told me all. Oh, but she has no secrets from me."

Erle felt his cheeks glow more fiercely than ever, so fiercely, indeed, that his eyes watered. He remained silent.

"You remember, upon your return to the park, after your flight with Lady Maud

through the Chace, you lost your way, Mr. Gower," she said, eyeing him wistfully.

He bowed.

"You there encountered a young female," she continued.

Erle breathed again, and bowed affirmatively, with less constraint.

"Lady Maud observed her with very scrutinising eyes, I assure you," her ladyship added, laughingly, "for it would be absurd to deny that she is very, very deeply attached to Cyril, and between you and I, Mr. Gower," here she shrugged her shoulders, "she is, I may almost say, absolutely engaged to Mr. Philip Avon, of the Avons, of Hawkesbury. The family is so ancient, the connection so good, inasmuch as the lands and the income are immensely large, and Mr. Philip is so passionately in love with her, that it is a match upon which I and Lord Kingswood may be said to have set our hearts; and, indeed, I am sure Lord Kingswood would not listen to a protest or even a prayer from Lady Maud in opposition to it. That, however, by way of episode."

Episode, indeed. She little knew how every word of that episode seemed like a poisoned dagger plunged into Erle's sensitive heart.

"Lady Maud," her ladyship went on to say, "when this young female of whom I spoke just now undertook the task of conducting you by the nearest path to this, took the opportunity thus afforded her to observe rather closely this young sylvan stranger, and she assures me that she was pretty enough to be very attractive, and sufficiently graceful to lend a charm even to her rustic habiliments. It is a strange fact to have met with such a girl in such a place, yet stranger to learn that she was evidently acquainted with Cyril's name, and that the mention of it appeared to be the inducement under which she played the part of the guide. Lady Maud asserts as much as this? do you confirm it?"

Erle felt that he had no alternative but to reply in the affirmative. He readily detected that Lady Kingswood had colored and exaggerated Lady Maud's motives in relating the incident, and he was at a loss to perceive in what way he should be committing himself with Cyril by acknowledging the correctness of Lady Maud's statement. He certainly felt the very reverse of a disposition to deny it.

Lady Kingswood cleared her throat.

"The lady was fair," she observed.

"Very fair," Erle replied.

"Handsome and attractive in features and appearance," she added.

"Yes," returned Erle, musingly, "her charms were of a singularly fascinating character. It might have been the wild romantic spot in which we encountered her, the sombre aspect of the masses of leafless trees whose wide-spread intervening branches formed a roof above us, between the interstices of which the daylight could scarcely struggle, which invested her with so peculiar a fascination. One would rather have taken her to have been a spirit of the woods than a mortal if it were not that such evil superstitions have been long exploded."

"In-deed!" exclaimed Lady Kingswood, dwelling on the word. "Do you not now see the attraction which drew Cyril to the lonely Chace, and which has so disastrously resulted."

"What explanation does Mr. Cyril offer?" inquired Erle, rather anxiously.

"None," returned Lady Kingswood, with peculiar vivacity, "none; not a word. He refuses to answer a single question put to him. He preserves the most obstinate silence, and appears the very incarnation of misery I am, therefore, the more anxious to fathom all the circumstances connected with this event. Tell me, I entreat you, Mr. Gower, has Mr. Cyril made any confession, any statement to you, regarding the young person of whom we have been speaking?"

"Not a sentence, upon my honor, Lady Kingswood," he returned, emphatically.

"Have you no conception who or what she is?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only what I heard fall from the lips of your gamekeeper," he rejoined.

"Ha!" she ejaculated, with an air of eagerness, "what name did he give to her?"

"THE WONDER OF KINGSWOOD CHACE!" was the reply.

Lady Kingswood started to her feet, her face became pale, and then almost livid. A thrill of terror—horror rather—appeared to paralyse her limbs, and a slight groan burst from her lips.

She pressed her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then sharply withdrawing them, she said, in a fierce and resolute tone—

"I will hunt this secret down."

She then turned to Erle, and with a strangely grave face, yet white as marble, she said to him—

"There is another to tear up by the roots, and it shall be done, even for your sake as my own. Attend me."

These remarkable words were uttered in a haughty and authoritative tone, and he yielded her obedience.

She left his apartments, and descending a flight of stairs, pursued a corridor which led to the ancient portion of the building.

He knew its direction well; he wondered why she took it, and what it portended.

On they proceeded, as though making for the apartments he had occupied upon his first arrival at Kingswood manor-house, but ere they were reached she turned off in another direction, descended a new flight of stairs, and paused before a pair of antique oaken folding-doors most richly carved.

"Be good enough to open those doors, Mr. Gower," she exclaimed, as she pointed to a massive bronze handle.

He complied with her request, and with an arduous exertion of strength, he succeeded in forcing the bolt back, and one of the doors of its own weight slowly swung on its hinges, until it fell back into a recess which had been formed to receive it.

Lady Kingswood, with a face of ashy whiteness, motioned to him to enter, and he obeyed her.

He found himself in a spacious vaulted chamber, or gallery, hung with portraits, life-size, dim, and discolored by age. On pedestals were figures of men clothed in complete armor, and arranged in various parts were implements of war, extending back to a manufacture of very early date. The ceiling was draped with banners and other trophies, and the windows were emblazoned with armorial bearings and escutcheons which were formed of stained glass of the richest dyes. They lent a gloom to that light which the dust-encrusted diamonded panes threw over the gallery, only that hues of violet and amber, and crimson, and amethyst, fell upon various objects, and communicated a solemn, monastic aspect to the whole chamber.

Erle felt a strange sensation of commingled awe and pride as he paced down the many-deviced, inlaid oaken flooring, which had not yet so lost its ancient polishing but that it reflected the contents of the room as though it had been a pool or placid lake.

Lady Kingswood followed him with a hurried but trembling step. Nevertheless, a powerful inward urging of the character of an irresistible impulse impelled her forward, and she even passed him, pausing not until she arrived at a portrait of an ancestor of the house of Kingswood. The picture was in a singularly fine state of preservation; the lineaments of the face clearly and sharply defined, were strikingly handsome, but there was an expression of stern haughtiness somewhat marring the noble dignity which the high forehead, the large, beautiful eyes, and the well-formed features contributed to produce. Lady Kingswood paused abruptly before it, and, pointing to it, she said, in a husky, half-suffocated voice,

"The bad Baron of Kingswood."

The words had hardly quitted her lips, when the sound of hurried footsteps coming down the gallery startled both.

They turned hastily, and with astonishment beheld Lord Kingswood advancing towards them with furious haste. Behind him, with swift, gliding, cat-like step, followed his valet, Pharisee.

"Lady Kingswood, are you conscious of what madness you are guilty?" he cried, in a voice of thunder.

She drew herself up haughtily at the sound of his voice. Her flashing eyes glanced rapidly from the portrait to the clear, open, manly countenance of Erle. Her eyes dilated, her bosom heaved, her whole stature seemed to increase in height. She clutched the wrist of Lord Kingswood with painful vigor, and with the attitude of a Cassandra, she pointed to the picture, exclaiming, in a hissing whisper,

"Look there!"

With unsteady eyes and knitted brows, his lordship turned a kind of awe-stricken gaze upon the portrait. Ere it had rested there an instant, he was startled by Lady Kingswood directing her finger to the face of Erle, and ejaculating, in shrill, thrilling tones,

"BEHOLD!"

Lord Kingswood turned his wavering glance in the direction in which she pointed, and at this moment Pharisee officiously opened the upper part of one of the casements. A broad gleam of light fell upon Erle's face, bringing it out with brilliant prominence from the dusky atmosphere in which it had been before but dimly seen.

"Tell me, my lord," cried she, with rapid energy, "*who* is the father of that boy?"

Lord Kingswood's face was overspread with a deathly pallor, a thousand grim and terrible surmises forced a torturing, agonizing passage through his distracted brain. He trembled beneath the gleaming flash of piercing eyes, but ere he could force even a stammered monosyllable between his parched lips, a fierce and furious gust of wind rushed howling through the opened casement, tore through the gallery with tremendous violence, whistled with clanging uproar among the suits of steel armor hanging against the walls, and, seizing the portrait upon which they had been gazing, wrenched it from its fastenings, and hurled it to the ground with a thundering crash.

Lady Kingswood uttered a piercing shriek, forced from her by horror and fright, and sunk prostrate in her husband's arms, as though by a lightning-stroke she had been smitten dead.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lady Maud, with Erle's passionate kiss yet burning on her quivering lips, fled from the weird library to the sanctitude of her own little boudoir, gaining it she knew not how, and nestling, with pale face, starting eyes, and panting heart, upon the soft-cushioned couch standing in a shadowy recess in the apartment, even as an affrighted fawn cowers in its leafy covert after a flight from an unfamiliar footstep.

The event of a moment will convert an unreflecting girl into a thinking woman. An impulse of the heart, perhaps, too often snatches a veil from the unpenetrating eyes of youth.

A word, a motion, changed Lady Maud from an innocent, guileless child, into a sentient creature—if something less than woman, yet more, much more than girl.

She covered her face with her hands, her cheeks glowed with hectic warmth, she breathed with difficulty, and a tremor, not unpleasing, pervaded her frame.

When she withdrew herself from the embrace of Erle—an embrace impelled by her own yielding to that influence which the sudden application of the story they together read engendered, she uttered a despairing cry involuntary, because it seemed to her that the dark, menacing form of Philip Avon interposed with fierce gestures between them.

She had listened to the soft flattery of Philip Avon with indifference, but not with dissent, because Lady Kingswood had prepared her to receive them as the preliminary advances to a proposal of marriage. She had accepted them without any distinct notion of the importance to be attached either to their meaning or to the marriage which had been planned.

Accustomed to pay deference to the wishes of Lord and Lady Kingswood in minor affairs, she had, without a demur, yielded to the proposition submitted, rather imposed upon her, to become the wife of a man for whom the only impression she entertained beyond apathy, was a feeling of dislike.

There was a floating idea in her mind that she would far sooner be united to her Cousin Cyril, for he was handsomer, gayer, franker—in all respects a more pleasing and lovable creature. But with this notion also came a conviction that he was destined for another, could never be more to her than he had been or then was, and that her liking for him would never be suffered to stand in the way of an alliance with Philip Avon.

Now Erle stood in a very different category. At her first embarrassing interview with him she felt herself to be strangely smitten with his appearance. At her subsequent meeting with him she was animated by a desire to steal glances at his face undiscovered, without being conscious that she was possessed by any such unrecognized inclination. A strange, hitherto unknown pleasure, filled her while seated by his side, and her thoughts of him, after he had saved her life, were of a tumultous character, absorbing all other contemplations and reflections.

She, in her sweet disturbing, sought the old library, because, in its monastic silence, and grey, dusky twilight, she could, without interruption, conjure him up in her vision dignified and graceful in mien, and wondrously handsome in feature, and she found him in the reality.

Still the inter-communion was in all simplicity regarded by her but as a delicious association with one she much esteemed, only the pleasanter for being secret, because it was free from intrusion.

Now her eyes were opened.

Her liking, her esteem, her friendship for Erle were, in her innocency, but love symbolised. Her heart had acknowledged him from the first moment she saw him, but it was not until the word LOVE, which seemed to be written in words of electric light, met her gaze—it was not until he, by an impetuous, uncontrollable urging, pressed his lips to hers, that her mind saw with the eyes of her heart.

And so she reclined trembling upon her soft, cold couch, awakened to the discovery of the possession of a secret, whose wondrous influence on her future life she was as yet wholly unable to realize.

To one fact she became instantaneously and vividly alive; it was that her dislike to Philip Avon had increased tenfold, even yet more as she remembered that she had tacitly assented to accept him as her husband. A rebellious spirit sprung up within her, and with it a resolve to act to him in a manner at once so cold and reserved, that he would promptly resign all pretensions to her hand.

She did not reflect that opposition mostly fans the flame of love, or that neither Philip, nor Lord and Lady Kingswood were likely to see matters from her point of view. She could only see through a medium of rose-bloom the face and figure of Erle, and a future in which, conducted to him through some difficulties, and perhaps many trials of faith and firmness, they would be united.

Yet a girl in her thoughts, she was at least womanly in this; she feared not, cared not, for any danger, sufferings, sharp tests of endurance and patience, so that the young, new love kindled within her fond heart should be at last rewarded by the possession of the object of its adoration.

She felt that no change of circumstance would daunt her, no prospect of those inflictions which darken the prosperity, the ease, the comforts of social life. She was womanly in that her love rose superior to any unfavorable condition of existence into which it might lead her. It was the warm, unselfish romance of her girlhood, which beheld in the possession of the being she loved the subjugation of all the ills which might attend its progress or surround its realization.

She knew nothing of poverty, toil, and trial but what she had witnessed in her occasional visits to London, or to the hovels of the most miserable of the tenantry in the vicinity of Kingswood; yet she could form a fair notion of the horrors which the contrast of a change from her present position to such a condition would impose, and she shrunk not from the contemplation of their endurance if they had to be borne for his sake.

Her reasoning took this strange course, owing to misgivings and strong doubts instinctively entertained by her that Lord Kingswood would not sanction her love for Erle, because he had no such wealth and county influence as Philip Avon. Indeed, she could not disguise from herself the impression that Erle was not only a family secret, but one of a painful kind.

She was too well acquainted with the expression of Lord Kingswood's features and his manners not to readily perceive this, and likewise that his lordship would be very glad to be rid of one whose presence, from some hidden but powerful reasons, was most unwelcome.

She pitied Erle, and would have been overjoyed at the opportunity of soothing his bruised spirit, and she certainly found her antipathy to Philip Avon strengthened, because he possessed those worldly advantages which Erle lacked.

Hour after hour did she sit and ponder thus, and as Cyril was ill, and neither Lady Kingswood nor his lordship visible, save at a cold and formal dinner, immediately after which they separated, she had the opportunity of indulging in the same description of thought day after day.

At length a week had passed, and her anxious eyes had not once fallen upon the form of Erle.

She had gazed from her window upon the lawn slope, the park glades, the garden terraces, with a yearning to behold him, to watch him, to gaze with admiring eyes upon him, unseen. She peered out at early morn, at mid-day, and when the sun was declining, but saw him not.

She glided about the corridors occasionally, and with purposeless errand if he were not there, into apartments into which he might have wandered, but she did not meet with him.

Each day she thought of the drear old library, and a glowing blush lit up her cheek when the thought presented itself. She wished yet feared to meet him. Perhaps she feared more that he would not be there if she visited it again. At all events, she strove to dismiss the thought, because she re-enacted always the scene which had taken place within its solitary precincts, and with difficulty she kept down the incitings of an inclination which did not acknowledge the supremacy of her will.

But a week is an age to the imagination of one who loves when it is a question of absence, and Lady Maud began to entertain an impression that she should never see Erle again. Perhaps her precipitate flight had brought offence, and he now, in consequence, studiously avoided her. She felt that she would be both grieved and vexed if such an effect had been produced by her conduct.

One morning, about the old time of meeting with him, she found herself within the grim and silent chamber alone. A spirit in her feet seemed to have borne her thither. She gazed around her with shivering fear, but her anxious eyes were not rewarded by beholding him in his accustomed place.

She sat herself in the seat where they had sat together, and she waited.

Waited hopelessly, for he came not. No sound of footfall, known or strange to her timid ear, disturbed the solemn stillness of the antique hall. She was alone—alone with the living words of a past age.

Aye, her eyes wandered in search of that book which had, in revealing the loves of others, unfolded her own. She saw it in its place on the case, and impulsively moved towards it. With a throbbing heart, and trembling hand, she drew forth the book, and with it took her way to that seat whereon she sat when the thrilling words its pages contained unveiled her eyes.

There was no intention in the whole proceeding. Her movements had been mechanically performed under some vague, undefined impression that the glowing language which had taught her she had a heart, even by a knowledge of its loss, must be reperused and stored in her memory for reproduction at some future period—probably an eventful epoch in her life to come.

At the very place where they had ceased to read did she open the book.

There was some pencilling on the broad margin. She knew that it had been recently placed there, and she readily guessed whose hand had inscribed the lines which met her eye.

With suspended breath, and with eager avidity, she read as follows:

"Your eyes may fall again upon this page. I feel that they will. I entreat your pardon, for oh, my rash, frenzied indiscretion, was no intended insult, but the passionate impulse of a fond heart, which, seeking a loving reciprocity, found unexpectedly the object of its adoration. *Aye, I, too, have found friendship but another name for love.* I love; oh, I love deeply, passionately, truly. I dare not ask a return—I do not. I see, I know that it may not be, yet I may ask a thought in gentleness, a memory in kindness, and a prayer in pity. The reflection that this hope may be granted will cheer a lonely wanderer in his desolation and despair."

The face of Lady Maud bowed on the old page, and she sobbed bitterly. Many times did she read those pencilled words, written in an unsteady hand. With tearful eyes she copied them, and placed the words she had copied in her bosom.

Then she, too, wrote on the margin, beneath the lines she had transcribed, and her words ran—

"Pardon! For the proud offering of such a heart as thine! Nay, it is not a word befitting thy lips. Am I not indebted to thee for life itself? If thy friendship hath proved to be love, shall mine be less generous, tender, devoted? Oh, speak not of desolation or despair. Oh, my love, my heart acknowledges no other lord but thou."

With blushing neck, face, forehead, she wrote those words with rapid haste, and amid falling tears. Then she turned her humid eyes restlessly and swiftly round her, hurriedly pressed her lips to the sentences he had written, restored the book to its old place, and then fled from the silent, grim old library, even as she had done when she quitted it with Erle's kiss burning on her lips—even as now it did.

Flushed, disturbed, excited, she entered her little sanctuary with the intent of remaining there alone, enjoying and feeding those fond thoughts which she had been unable after all to peacefully indulge in within the solitary chamber she had visited for that purpose.

Further disguise with herself was useless. She loved Erle, and she had penned the acknowledgment in a place where his eyes might meet with it she knew not how soon—it could not be too soon if it spared him that desolation and despair which he had so touchingly mentioned.

Even while she thought this, she was summoned to a reception room by a servant sent to her by Lord Kingswood.

For a moment she hesitated, but a latent hope of seeing Erle induced her to follow the servant almost immediately.

She entered the room, and beheld in it, to her dismay, Philip Avon and Lord Kingswood only, and they were engaged in a close and earnest conversation.

Philip Avon was ghastly pale, but his cheek flushed when she entered the room.

He instantly quitted Lord Kingswood, and advanced towards her, and his bright, dark eye seemed to peruse her fair features with a stern, suspicious scrutiny, as if there he could read all that had occurred to his despite during his temporary illness.

She paused as he approached, nay, rather shrunk back as he drew near to her, and he bit his nether lip passionately, for his quick eye detected her involuntary movement.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, touching her reluctant hand, and pressing it as she withdrew it somewhat hastily, "I am glad to find that you have not suffered from your untoward accident, and I am equally pleased to be able to assure you that my own mishap has been productive of the inconvenience only of confining me to my chamber for a short time, an inconvenience which has been chiefly vexing because it has precluded my offering you that tribute of respectful attention I, of all men, was most anxious to pay."

"I am rejoiced to think, Mr. Avon, that your accident was less severe than I understood it to be," replied Lady Maud, with downcast eyes, and in a formal tone. "I regret, however, it should have happened at all, and especially that I should have been the occasion of it."

"And I regret it, too," he said, with marked emphasis. "Believe me, Lady Maud, but for the cursed obstinacy of my horse, mine would have been the hand to have saved your life. No interloper should have crossed between myself and your safety."

Lady Maud's face crimsoned, and she said with grave haughtiness—

"If by that most ungracious word interloper you allude to Mr. Gower, you may take my word that I, at least, am thankful he was near to me upon that momentous occasion."

"That person's name is one I do not desire to repeat in your presence, Lady Maud," rejoined Philip Avon, brusquely. "I hardly expected it to fall so roundly from your lips. I hope I shall never hear them mention it again."

"I do not understand you, sir," she returned, with evident indignation, and her eyes fell upon Lord Kingswood, who listened in uneasy embarrassment.

"Pardon me, Lady Maud," answered Philip, with the same abruptness of speech, "but I am particular in my choice of associates. I like to know whence they spring; besides, I hate men who are mere dependants, cringing for the crumbs that fall from their patron's table."

Lady Maud's face and neck crimsoned again. She turned her eyes upon Lord Kingswood, and said, with lips that quivered so she could scarcely articulate—

"Surely, my lord, you do not hear Mr. Avon's observations as applied to Mr. Gower. He appears to labor under some singular misconceptions which force him into insults. Your lordship will, probably, explain them away, so that Mr. Avon may not forget his own position in condemning that of a gentleman of whom he appears to know nothing, and whom, in disparaging, he most unjustly traduces."

She turned to quit the room in haughty anger.

Philip hastily arrested her departure. He saw that his temper had carried him too far, and he said—

"Stay, Lady Maud, I pray you. I had no intention, I most earnestly assure you, to offend you. I shall some day excuse you of my bluntness, even at the expense of my honesty; but I hope that you will pardon and forgive me if I have unintentionally offended you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Avon," she answered, coldly. "Good morning."

"Nay, Maud, do not go—remain, remain; Mr. Philip wishes to speak with you," suddenly exclaimed Lord Kingswood, ringing a bell violently as he spoke. "I will hereafter set him right about Mr. Gower; that is an affair of little moment. Mr. Avon desires some conversation with you upon matters which supercede all others. Oh, Pharisee," he exclaimed, as the sleek valet glided into the room and made up to him, "find Lady Kingswood, and inform her ladyship that she would oblige me by stepping here as quickly as convenient to her."

"Lady Kingswood has just conducted Mr. Gower to the portrait gallery of your lordship's ancestors, my lord," returned Pharisee, in a low tone, but sufficiently clear to be heard both by Philip Avon and Lady Maud.

Lord Kingswood started as if bitten by a serpent.

"Is her ladyship mad!" he exclaimed, between his teeth, and rushed out of the room with frantic haste.

Pharisee glanced furtively at both Philip Avon and Lady Maud, and then glided like a fiendish phantom after his master.

Lady Maud felt a pang of vexation at this intelligence. She knew not why. Wherefore did Lady Kingswood press her attentions so upon Erle? There was something very strange in such conduct from her.

Before she could answer herself this unpleasing question, Philip Avon touched her upon the arm to recall her from the sudden fit of abstraction into which she had fallen. She started and drew back. He gazed at her with surprise and anger, which he strove to keep from bursting forth. She had not treated him thus distantly previous to the arrival of the accursed Gower. Though he hated her apparent fondness for her Cousin Cyril, still she had not suffered it to prevent her being gentle and agreeable in her behaviour to him. Now she acted to him as if he was positively distasteful to her.

Afraid of the personal attractions of Gower, he had risen from a sick-bed before it was safe even to do so, in order that he might declare himself, and secure Lady Maud.

He was sure of Lord Kingswood's assent, and resolved to employ his influence to obtain Lady Maud's; to wring it from her if that were necessary; and now that he found himself alone with her, he decided upon quenching any presumptuous hopes Erle might entertain respecting Lady Maud by at once making a formal proposition to her.

Accordingly, as with a slight, haughty bend, she sought to pass him, he placed himself before her, and said,

"Lady Maud, I have especially requested Lord Kingswood to obtain for me a private interview with you. His lordship consented, as you find by his request for your presence here, and at my wish we are alone, in order that I may lay before you a confession I have for some time wished to make."

Lady Maud looked at him with a frightened aspect.

"You must excuse me, Mr. Avon," she exclaimed, hurriedly, "I cannot listen to you now—I—I see my Cousin Cyril upon the lawn; I have not spoken to him since his illness. Do not think me rude in leaving you; Lord Kingswood will be here in a few minutes—"

Philip Avon interrupted her.

"Lady Maud," he exclaimed, with a malignant scowl upon his sickly face, "this is the merest subterfuge; I must be plain, even at the expense of being, for the moment, less courteous than I would wish to be. My business with your ladyship is of far greater moment than a girlish offering of congratulation to a stupid fellow who has got his head bruised in a brawl in the wood, or to discuss the merits of an obscure personage pitchforked into a noble house."

Lady Maud looked at him in speechless surprise.

If he thought to woo her as William the Norman did Matilda of Flanders, he found out his mistake speedily.

"Sir," she exclaimed, with a dignity ennobled by her indignation, "I am unequal to the task of defining the limit to which an insult may be extended without giving offence. I decline further to listen to you."

She swept past him with a swift, gliding step, and in another instant was gone.

He clenched his hands, he smote his breast, the veins on his forehead swelled like cords, foam bubbled from his lips. For a moment, it seemed that the tremendous inward struggle he was enduring would slay him. At length, a species of howl burst from him, and he muttered between his gnashing teeth,

"I see it all. The hound has improved the occasion, and with buttered, honied words has lured her. Oh, but we will have our meeting yet. Let Providence spare him, I will not. Ho! there!" he cried, with harsh tones, as a servant passed the door. "Conduct me to Mr. Gower's apartment; I wish to speak with him."

With hasty step he hurried from the room, and followed whither the servant led.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860.

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$5,00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four "	5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty " and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty " (and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	10,00
Forty " (and a paper extra, and the SPLENDID PREMIUM ENGRAVING,)	15,00

For other offers in connection with the Premium Engraving, Webster's Dictionary, and Lippincott's Gazetteer, *see the Prospectus on third page.*

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS. Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

CURRANT WINE.

We suppose our bibulous friends have often laughed at us for recommending the use of home-made currant wine, by those who will have wine, in preference to many of the foreign importations. "Currant wine—what a watery stuff to drink!" we have thought we heard them exclaim. Of course, we own up at once to being no connoisseur in the vinous department—and all our reading and experience would lead us to believe that not one American in ten who thinks himself a connoisseur in wine, has the least idea of what a pure port wine, for instance, tastes like. But the French do know a little about wines—and what a Frenchman says may be listened to. Therefore please read the following:

THE CULTIVATION OF BLACK CURRANTS FOR WINE IN FRANCE.—Prof. Decaisne in his recent work, the Jardin Fruitier, publishes a communication from Dr. Maillard, of Dijon, in regard to the cultivation of Black Currants for the manufacture of liqueur in the Department of the Cote-d'Or.

It appears that the first attempts at preparing Black Currant liqueur was made in 1841, and since that time the manufacture has so rapidly increased, that *at Dijon alone there are now three first-class houses, producing together 88,000 gallons; six second-class ones producing 66,000 gallons, and at least seven others manufacturing a like quantity.* Establishments also exist at Beaune, and other small towns in the same district; producing in all 880,000 bottles.

Up to the present time the production of the article in the Cote-d'Or has depended upon the supply of fruit, which has frequently proved unequal to the demand, and has had to be brought from considerable distances. Even in the neighborhood of Lyons, Black Currants are now cultivated for the Dijon market. For the first few years, when the success of the manufacture remained uncertain, the owners of vineyards confined themselves to planting Black Currants here and there among Vines, and by the sides of roads and foot-paths, so as not to risk any considerable outlay of capital or loss of ground. But the manufacture is now so well established that landowners are cropping their land with Black Currants alone, the number of plants introduced into vineyards being also on the increase. The rage, indeed, for planting was so great in 1857 that rooted plants sold as high as $16, and even $24 per thousand. Now, however, the price has found its usual

level, that of $4 to $6 per thousand. The exact number of plants cultivated round Dijon does not seem to be ascertainable, the proprietors themselves not knowing how many they have planted. It is, however, probable that to estimate the number near Dijon at 1,500,000 would be greatly below rather than above the mark.

In the Department of the Cote-d'Or, the centre of Currant cultivation exactly coincides with that of the Vine. In fact, it may be said to extend from Chagny to Dijon, in a narrow zone skirting the eastern slope of the mountain chain of the Cote-d'Or, 18 to 25 miles in length, and from one to three miles in breadth. Within these narrow limits are to be found all the great growths of Burgundy wine, connected by Vineyards only producing *Vin ordinaire*. It is among these, and in land of a similar nature, that the Black Currant is cultivated. Many of the villages producing large quantities of the latter, are noted for the excellence of their wines, as for example—Volnay, Beaune, Aloxe, Savigny, Premeaux, Nuits, Vougeot, Chambolle, Vosne, Morey, Gevrey-Chambertin, Brochon, Fixin, Marsannay, Talant, Fontaine. Leaving this centre the Currant follows the Vine in the valleys that traverse the mountain range toward the west; there are extensive plantations at Nolay, Plombieres, Malain, Laumes, and Montbard, and others occur occasionally in the large and fertile plain which extends from the foot of the Cote-d'Or chain to the Saone, and in which the Vine is not cultivated. Finally, they are to be found in the department of the Saone-et-Loire, particularly in that part of it which adjoins the Cote-d'Or. Rather considerable plantations also occur near Autun and Chalon-sur-Saone.

Contrary to what might have been expected in fruit with so strong a flavor, there exist great differences in the quality of the Currants from different localities. The French liqueur makers easily distinguish them, and carefully reserve Currants of superior quality for first-class liqueur, which sells as high as 66 cents per quart, wholesale. In general, indeed, wherever wine is good the Currant is also good. By this is not meant the choice growths but *vins ordinaires*, the vines producing which are frequently grown along with Currants."

The Currants are planted about 4 feet apart, and the after culture consists in hoeing the ground deeply in the spring, and two or three hocings during the summer to keep down the weeds. Pruning is done in the spring, at the same time with the Vines. As to soils, chalk or limestone, with a little clay in its composition, such as prevails in French wine districts, suits very well.

In regard to amount of fruit, and the price that can be obtained for it, Dr. Maillard estimates that every bush that has been planted five years, when the land is wholly occupied with the Currants, will yield 3½ lbs. of fruit. The yield on bushes growing singly among the grape vines is much greater. Estimating the average yield at only 2 1-5 lbs. to a bush, and 2,240 bushes on an acre, we have 4,928 lbs. as the produce per acre. The average price of the fruit in former years was, in 1841, 80 cents per cwt.; in 1843 and 1843, $1; 1844 and 1845, $2; 1856 and 1857, $4; 1858, $7.50, and in 1859, from $5 to $7. It appears that some of the most important houses in Dijon have contracted with growers to take all their crops for 10 or 12 years to come at $3 per cwt. This would give $147 per acre as the price of the fruit. The trouble of growing Black Currants is very little, *and they make a delicious and healthy wine, far superior to what is usually sold under the name of Port.*

As to that last paragraph, we know not whether it is to be credited to a French source, or to *the Genesee Farmer*, where we find Dr. Maillard's article quoted. We had no idea until we read this article, that the currant was used at all for wine-making in France; but should not be surprised now if a considerable quantity of currant wine annually found its way to this country, under any other name than the right one.

BUTTERMILK.

An Iowa lady correspondent wants to know how, at this season of the year, she may have sweet, well-tasted buttermilk. She says:—

Our butter is excellent, but the buttermilk has a bitter taste; the cream is neither kept in a cellar, nor covered, it gets the good, pure air of the season, and is not kept before churning but eight or ten days, which I should not think would give the buttermilk a bitter taste.

Now in Ireland the climate is not any milder in the winter season than it is here at present, yet we used to keep the cream from one to two weeks without churning; and the butter and buttermilk also would be delicious.

We follow the custom of our American neighbors in the cold season, by heating a little the freshly milked milk in tin pans, in which it remains until it is fit to be skimmed into clean, well scalded crocks.

Sweet buttermilk is useful for various things, and mush and milk is a lighter food for the delicate, than the constant use of the constipating tea, coffee, and fine flour bread in general use; hence my wish to know how to make it sweet.

Can any of our country readers enlighten this lady on the great buttermilk question? We said last week, speaking of the products of the country, that the "milk of human kindness seemed to be deficient in quality," but we had no idea that it was true of the buttermilk too.

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.—In answer to a correspondent we must say that we cannot burden ourselves and our columns with the solutions of arithmetical and other problems. The keeping up of the varied departments of THE POST as they are, involves an amount of labor which our readers probably little dream of. It would be a great deal easier to fill our columns with stories, or some other speciality, as is the practice of many of our contemporaries.

GOOD DIVIDENDS.—The average yearly dividend of the Bank of England, for the eleven years, from 1849 to 1859, inclusive, was nearly nine per cent. This is a high rate of profit for England. The Bank, at the last advices, had raised the rate of discount to six per cent., to counteract a flow of gold to France, resulting probably from the large purchase of breadstuffs on the continent, to supply the deficiencies of the English harvest.

THE MERCANTILE LIBRARY.—This excellent and enterprising institution has added a chess, a conversation, and an additional reading room to its old rooms. We trust it will receive still further encouragement from the mercantile community and the public in general. Some of our wealthy merchants should remember it in their wills.

THE MARRIAGE LAWS.

Many persons seem to imagine that the marriage laws of nearly all the States are made to favor the husband at the expense of the wife—and that the latter, if it comes to matrimonial difficulties, always has legally the worst of the bargain. To show the error they labor under in this respect, we may quote the following from the local column of the Daily Ledger of this city:

Magistrates' offices are continually visited by persons in want of legal advice, and some very novel and out of the way cases are put to them. Yesterday, the office of one of them was visited by a middle-aged man, who desired to be informed if there was no way by which a wife could be compelled to live with her husband. She had deserted him, it was said, and had gone to live with her mother, and no persuasion nor entreaty could induce her to go back to him. Her return was the more desired by the husband, for the reason that recently she had been left several thousand dollars, which it was thought she should share with him. The seeker after legal knowledge was told that *while there is a law to compel a husband to either live with or to support a wife, there is none to force a wife to live with a husband.* This was thought to be very strange, and after denouncing the law-makers, in very strong language, for not making laws bearing equally upon the wife and husband, the man left the office.

Mr. Edwin Forrest's is a case in point. His wife will not live with him, and yet he has to provide her a maintenance in accordance with his means. Reverse their positions, and she would not have to contribute a cent towards his support, even were he physically unable, through sickness, to provide himself a subsistence. We are not finding fault with the law in this respect—we are only showing that it is consistent with its own theory of the relative position of the sexes in the marriage union, even when to be so bears hardly upon the husband.

THE BEECH TREE.—Mr. S. S., of Jackson, Michigan, says, in reference to the assertion that the beech tree is never struck by lightning:—"I have known *two* instances of beech trees being struck by lightning, and one of the trees is now standing within half a mile of my house; the trees in the vicinity of it are mostly oak."

So we will have to give up the beech trees—but did any one ever hear of a house with a tin or other metallic roof being struck by lightning? We never did.

INTERESTING DECISION.—It has been judicially decided in New York, that the cost to an Ex-Alderman of pulling an Alderman's nose, is only six cents. Whether the price would be higher if the puller were merely a private individual, we are unable to say.

MESSAGE OF GOV. GIST TO THE SOUTH CAROLINA LEGISLATURE.

COLUMBIA, S. C., Nov. 27.—The Message of Governor Gist was presented to the Legislature at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

The Governor devotes many pages to the consideration of local State affairs.

He says that in view of the proposed secession, *it becomes doubly important upon us to have a direct trade with Europe*, and advises the State to foster enterprises for such purposes by guarantees of say five per cent.

Referring to postal matters, he says he has been authorized by the Postmaster of Charleston *to state that as soon as South Carolina secedes, he will sever his connection with the Federal Government*, and obey the call of the State to whom he makes an offer of his services. This action, together with the resignations of the Postmasters generally, enable the State to be unembarrassed to establishing postal arrangements for herself. The Governor also suggest as a temporary expedient the use of Adams' Express to convey mail matter. He further suggest that arrangements might probably be made between South Carolina and the Federal authorities for a given time, until the other States secede and the Southern Confederacy is formed. If the Federal Government insists on considering South Carolina in the Union after the ordinance providing for secession is adopted, the present postal arrangements must cease, and another, under State authority, be substituted.

The Governor advises the prohibition of the introduction of slaves into South Carolina from States which are not members of the Southern Confederacy, and particularly from the border States. He says—"Let them keep their slave property in their own borders, and the only alternative left them is emancipation by their own act, or the action of their own confederates." He entertains the hope, however, that all the slave States will unite in a Southern Confederacy.

He advises the passage of the most ample and stringent laws against abolition incendiaries, to supersede the present system of Lynching. To deter violations of these laws, their enforcement should be made reliable and severe.

Referring to the action of South Carolina in sending Mr. Memminger as commissioner to Virginia, and the failure to obtain co-operation for a Southern Conference, except from the States of Mississippi and Alabama, the Governor is of the opinion that all hope of the concerted action of the South is lost. But one course is left to South Carolina, consistently with her honor, her interest, and her safety, and that is to look neither to the right nor the left, but to go straight forward to the consummation of her purpose. It is too late now to receive propositions of conference, and South Carolina would be wanting in self-respect, if she should entertain a proposition looking to her continuance in the present Union.

The Governor entertains no reasonable doubt that Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, Texas and Arkansas, will immediately follow the action of South Carolina, and the other Southern States will eventually complete the galaxy. It is gratifying to know, he says, that, if a resort to arms is necessary, *we have the tender of volunteers from all the Southern States, and some of the Northern States, to repair promptly to our standard, and share our fortunes.*

The message concludes with the following language:

"I cannot permit myself to believe, that in the madness of passion an attempt will be made by the next Administration to coerce South Carolina, after her secession, by refusing to surrender the harbor defences, or interfering with her imports and exports. But if mistaken, we must accept the issue, and meet it as becomes men and freemen, who infinitely prefer annihilation to disgrace."

☞ BEE STEALING.—The Sacramento (California) Aparian Society, offers a reward of $50 for satisfactory evidence of any one who is in the way of setting up decoy hives for catching other people's bees.

LEGISLATIVE MOVEMENTS.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 30.—A bill has been introduced in the House, prohibiting the levying of executions from the courts of the United States on the property of citizens of Georgia prior to December, 1861, and declaring all sales under such processes to be void.

A debate occurred in the House on the bill to protect the rights of the citizens of Georgia, and an amendment which was offered, to extend the provisions of the bill against every State that voted for Lincoln, was agreed to.

Mr. McDonald opposed the bill and the amendment, and expressed warm Union sentiments. He moved an amendment, imposing a fine of $2,000 on any Georgian who sells a cotton bale or barrel of apples to any person north of Mason and Dixon's line.

Mr. McDonald's amendment caused a commotion, and disunion and conservative sentiments were freely uttered. The bill was made the special order for to-morrow, when an exciting discussion is anticipated.

AUGUSTA, Nov. 30.—The secession demonstration took place to-day. The flag with the arms of South Carolina and Georgia was suspended over the river, and a salute fired. No national airs were allowed, only the Marseillaise, polkas, &c.

SAVANNAH, Nov. 30.—The ship Henry, from Antwerp has arrived, with French and German goods for the State Fair at Macon.

MILLEDGEVILLE, Nov. 30.—The election of Presidential Electors took place this morning, in the Legislature. A. H. Colquit was nominated in the place of Mr. McDonald. The result of the vote was as follows:—For Breckinridge 173; Bell 54; Douglas 8. About 70 members declined voting.

The Bank Bill passed the Senate, this forenoon, over the Governor's veto, by a vote of 93 to 13.

AWFUL SUFFERINGS OF OREGON EMIGRANTS.—The Portland (Oregon) Advertiser of the 7th ult., contains the following letter from C. C. Hascum, who was one of the company, under the command of Captain Deal, sent to Walla Walla to aid the emigrants:

BRYUNET RIVER, Oct. 26.

We are homeward bound after a successful tramp; and have been as far as Onyhee, and rescued twelve emigrants, and can now account for all that were on the train. Mr. Myers, the brother of the Mr. Myers rescued, started to meet his brother and family this morning. A supply train and ambulance were sent out from the fort with blankets, clothing, fresh vegetables, beef, and other necessaries, which will meet them near Grand road about the 3d or 4th inst. The details are of the most heart-rending character. The survivors were in a perfect state of nudity, having been stripped by Indians and left to perish. For ten days previous to their discovery they had subsisted upon human flesh from the bodies of those who had perished.—Mrs. Chase had fed upon the dead body of her husband.

A private letter says that on the evening of the 27th of October, an officer with a detachment in advance of the main body, found, near a small stream, the women and children, naked and in a state of starvation, and greatly emaciated, so much so, that their bones almost protruded through the skin. The women and children, on seeing their rescuers, fell on their knees, and by the most piteous wails implored food. The stout hearts of the soldiers were softened to the most touching emotions of pity, which was immediately followed by threats of revenge towards the red skins. On receiving the intelligence at the fort, the sensation felt was such as humanity alone can experience. The conduct of Major Sicin, the officer in command, was prompt, and every comfort of the fort, which could be transported, was quickly despatched to the scene of suffering. The wives of the officers purchased every description of clothing required for the women and children of the train. A physician with medicine, &c., accompanied the supply train.

AMUSING INCIDENT.—The Cuban Messenger, the English paper at Havana, has the following:

As a white drayman was furiously beating his lank, half-starved mule, near the Government Square, Havana, on Monday, 8th, he was astounded to hear the animal exclaim, "Enough! you brute!" The drayman looked aghast, and searched under his dray and around his mule, to find the origin of this strange, sepulchral voice, when again he was horrified to hear, from the animal, to all appearances, "You are a brute!"—(*Eres unbestia!*) The drayman was dumbfounded, and trembled like an aspen leaf, and dropped his whip as if stung by an adder. He blessed himself, and was about falling upon his knees, when he again heard, "I was your mother once upon a time!" This capped the climax, and a gentleman from the crowd that had gathered around, endeavored to explain to the terror-stricken drayman, that sometimes disembodied spirits return to the world in the form of animals. Just at this moment, Signor Blitz, accompanied by his two friends, who had been looking on this strange scene, and enjoying the fun, adjourned to the Union Coffee House, on the neighboring corner, and left the crowd endeavoring to induce the beast to speak again, and the drayman embracing the mule in a most filial manner.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CHINESE WAR.—A letter from China says:—"When the French troops entered the fortified village of Pohtangho, they found that its inhabitants and defenders had evacuated it. In several houses were found large earthenware jars, nearly five feet high, placed in out-of-the-way corners, and filled with water. But on the surface of the water in one was seen a human foot, and on the jars being broken, the dead body of a woman was found in each! From the appearance of the bodies, the women could only have been dead a short time, and death must have been caused by being plunged headforemost into the water. It was afterwards ascertained that the inhabitants of the town had killed in this strange way such of their women as were not strong enough to support a long march, and might, in consequence, have fallen into the hands of the conquerors. Altogether, about one hundred dead bodies were found." The same letter says:—"When the French, after a severe struggle, had possessed themselves of the large fort, they found in a corner a mandarin, surrounded by a detachment of Chinese infantry. He was greatly excited, and endeavored, both by language and gestures, to induce his soldiers to return to the combat. Not succeeding, he declared that he would not survive such disgrace, and then he cut his throat with his sword. He had to make three gashes before he succeeded in his purpose. As a general rule the Chinese do not seem to fear death.

SECESSION MOVEMENTS.—Several candidates for the South Carolina Convention, over their signatures, have repudiated the idea of any free State being allowed to join the Southern Confederacy.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 28.—Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, has replied to the petition for a special session of the Legislature, declining to do so. He is unwilling to place Maryland in the position of *appearing to join in any treasonable designs against the Union*, while he is ready to go as far as any man in demanding and enforcing the rights of the South in the Union.

SONNET TO THANKSGIVING DAY.

Oh, great Thanksgiving—best of holidays!—
Although invented by our pilgrim sires
To kill the "Popish Saints," and Christmas fires,—
I sing a solemn sonnet to thy praise!
Great is Thanksgiving in our Yankee Nation.
For sermons—far more *politic* than wise;
For eating turkeys, geese and pumpkin pies,
For visiting and social recreation;
A day for walking, riding, and romancing,
For acting freely, heartily and oddly,
And, what our fathers would have thought "ungodly,"
A very special day for mirth and dancing.
In everything,—among all creeds and ranks,
Great is Thanksgiving—save in giving thanks.

—*Boston Post.*

☞ B. meeting J. in Broadway yesterday, asked him: "When shall we have our talk out about the Union?" "Oh! whenever you please," says Jones, "come to-night." "Before tea, or after tea?" inquires Brown. "Whichever you please," replies Jones.—"Only observe," adds Brown, "that should I come before tea, it's all right; while if after, the Union must be broken up." "What on earth do you mean?" rejoins Jones, rather mystified. "Why look here, old fellow, don't you see that if I comes after T, in the place of before T, the United States will be *Untied States!*"

☞ Hood said the Thames was a *tidy* river, though he preferred the *I-sis* in hot weather.

☞ A man in California lately undertook, on a bet, to bite through six pies at one mouthful, but was stopped by a tin plate that some one had placed between.

☞ PAYING A DEBT.—In St. Louis a young man bet a pair of boots with a young lady on the election. He lost, and thereupon had a mammoth pair of boots manufactured and conveyed to the young lady's residence on a dray. Inside of the boots, however, he took good care to deposit a pair of Cinderella slippers.

☞ The Potomac derives its name from an Indian word, meaning "river of swans," and those noble birds are still quite plentiful on its lower shores. They are often seen in the markets of Washington, and are generally sold at $1,50 and $2 each.

☞ A teacher asked a bright little girl, "What country is opposite to us on the globe?" "Don't know, sir," was the answer. "Well," now pursued the teacher, "if I were to bore a hole through the earth, and you were to go in at this end, where would you come out?" "Out of the hole, sir," replied the pupil, with an air of triumph.

☞ A young lady, writing as enthusiastically as young ladies generally do, portrays Garibaldi as "a dear old weather beaten angel."

☞ The man who lives for himself alone lives for a mean fellow.

☞ Old Bundy lived in Alleghany county, and being down in the city some one said to him: "It is quite a mountainous country you live in, Mr. Bundy, is it not?" "Why, no," said the old man; "it ain't exactly mountaneous, but it's rayther a hillitaneous country, that's a fact."

☞ *While everybody in this country* was perplexed as the hats worn by the Prince of Wales and his suite, the correspondent of the London Times who accompanied the Prince, wrote home that "the worst hats in the world are worn in America!"

☞ When men are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of the chain that tells the victim he is bound.

☞ An Hibernian traveller, alluding to how cheerful and comfortable roads are made by *mile-stones*, suggests that it would be a great improvement if they were *nearer each other.*

☞ Here is what some inspired poet says of the marriage of Mr. E. Sweet and Miss J. Lemon:

How happily extremes do meet
In Jane and Ebenezer;
She's no longer sour, but Sweet,
And he's a Lemon-squeezer!

☞ A writer of ornithology inquires what kind of eagles fly highest? We don't know; but unquestionably golden eagles fly fastest.

☞ It is stated that the members of a late court-martial run up a bill of four hundred and fifty dollars against the government for port wine. We suppose those men-of-war thought they ought to make portholes of their mouths.

☞ How to make people acknowledge the corn. Tread on their toes.

☞ A couple of our Western editors are publishing bitter hand-bills against each other. There is a good deal of billing between them, but no cooing.

☞ Rev. Dr. ——— goes in for elegance of paraphrase. In ringing the changes upon "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," he did a fine thing last Sunday. "He that is accessible to auricular vibration," said the doctor, "let him not close the gates of his tympani." If that isn't bilfalutin, then what is?

☞ THE SIGNIFICANCE OF HISSING.—Prof. Blackie, while delivering a lecture on "Mechanics," in Dumbartonshire, enunciated an opinion which drew down upon him the hisses of part of his auditory. "Hiss on," said the professor; "I observe that I am always hissed when I announce any important truth."

☞ A man can afford to have gray hairs when a wife or sweetheart is too blind to distinguish them.

☞ FAILURE OF POLITICAL INSTITUTIONS.—One of the most philosophical political writers of modern Europe remarked, some years ago, that "there is no country in the world in which everything can be provided for by the law, or in which political institutions can prove a substitute for common sense and public morality."

☞ A very obliging person is the boarding-house keeper who advertises in the Herald—"Single gentlemen furnished with pleasant rooms, also one or two gentlemen *with voices.*"

This is a match for the steamboat captain's card of a water excursion—"Tickets 25 cents. Children half-price—*to be had at the landing.*"

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is asserted from Rome, that the Emperor of Austria requests the Pope to receive 7,000 additional troops.

The Austrian Gazette says that England will henceforth be represented at Vienna by an Ambassador Plenipotentiary instead of an Envoy, and that Lord Bloomfield will be appointed.

The Paris Pays says that Sardinia has claimed the cannon taken from the Neapolitans disarmed in the Papal Territory, but Gen. Guyon declines giving a definite answer.

LONDON, Nov. 17.—The U. S. Minister, Mr. Dallas, Lord Palmerston, and Lord and Lady John Russell are on a visit to her Majesty at Windsor. The Observer remarks that the invitation of the American Minister to Windsor so soon after the arrival of the Prince of Wales, in company with the heads of the Government, is a proof and a grateful acknowledgment of the hospitality of the President, and the attention and enthusiasm upon the heir of the British throne exhibited by all ranks and classes of the people of the United States.

Garibaldi has been appointed a general in the Italian army.

Several destructive fires had occurred in Dublin. In one of them the Kildare street Club House was totally burned, and three domestics perished in the flames. The loss was heavy.

A long pending law case of Shedden vs. The Attorney-General and Patrick, in which some American interests are involved, was progressing in the London Divorce Court. A Miss Shedden advocated her own cause, and addressed the court in speeches occupying several hours in their delivery.

The Prince of Wales fleet had arrived. The details of the return voyage show that the fleet experienced head winds and bad weather during the entire passage. The vessels were within a day's sail of England on the 6th, when a heavy gale prevented any further progress; they had only another week's provisions on board, and the royal party, for the last few days, lived on salt and preserved provisions. The party, however, landed all well, and the Prince reached Windsor Castle on the evening of the 15th.

The return of the Prince is made the theme of congratulatory editorials by the press generally, and the reiteration of warm compliments to the American people.

The London Times says that the Prince, while showing the feelings of a true-born Englishman, has elicited the feelings of all true Americans, and so brought the two face to face, and made them feel that they are brothers.

It is rumored that the Duke of Newcastle is to receive the Order of the Garter, now in the gift of Her Majesty, owing to the death of Richmond.

The express mail train from Glasgow for London, when at full speed, ran into a cattle train on the Trent Valley railway. Nine persons, mostly drovers, and thirty head of cattle, were killed. All the passengers miraculously escaped unharmed.

The Empress Eugenie arrived in London on the 14th inst., and remained there two days in the strictest incognito. She will make a visit to Scotland, in the hope of repairing her impaired health.

The Bishop of Worcester is dead.

GARIBALDI ON THE POPE.—Garibaldi recently addressed the people of Naples as follows:—

"This is a memorable day for you, for it cements the alliance of two peoples and establishes the fraternity of the people. To-day you have destroyed that principle of egotism which has kept the nations separated, and thus has facilitated the servitude of all. The people with whom you have fraternized to-day, have the same enemies who threaten you. Your cause is theirs, and theirs is yours.

"But before fighting against this enemy outside, you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly, and without a veil. In using this privilege I tell you that your chief enemy is the Pope.

"I am a Christian as you are; yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of Slavery, and has proclaimed the freedom of men; the Pope who oppresses his subjects and is an enemy of Italian independence is no Christian; he denies the very principle of Christianity—he is the Antichrist.

"This truth you must spread among all those who are near to you, for it is only when all Italians shall be thoroughly convinced of this truth, that Italy will be really free and united."

Garabaldi had several times to interrupt his speech on account of the applause which his words elicited from the multitude below.

FAREWELL ADDRESS OF GARIBALDI.

NAPLES, Nov. 8, 1860.

TO MY COMPANIONS IN ARMS:—We must now consider the period which is just finishing as the last stage but one in our national resurrection, and prepare ourselves to finish, worthily, the marvellous design of the elect of twenty generations, the completion of which Providence has reserved for this fortunate age of yours.

Yes, young men, Italy owes to you an undertaking which has been marked by the applause of the Universe. To this wonderful account in your country's history, another more glorious still will be added, and the slave shall show at last to his free brethren a sharpened sword forged from the links of his fetters. To arms, then, all of you, and the oppressors and the mighty will disappear like the dust.

You, too, women, cast away all cowards from your arms, that will only give you cowards for children, and you who are the daughters of the land of duty must have children who are noble and brave. Let timid doctrines be cast out from among us. Providence has presented Italy with Victor Emmanuel, and by the side of Victor Emmanuel every quarrel should be forgotten.

Once more I repeat my battle cry, "To arms, all of you." If March, 1861, does not find a million of Italians in arms, then alas for Liberty! alas for Italy! Let the March of 1861, or, if necessary, the February, find us all at our posts. Italians of Calatafemi, Palermo, Volturno, Ancona, Castilfidardo and Iserni, every man of this land who is not a coward, or a slave, is on our side. All of us, all of us, I say, standing round the glorious hero of Palestro, will strike the last blow at the crumbling edifice of tyranny.

Receive, volunteers, the honored conquerors of battles. One word of farewell from me to-day. I am obliged to retire, but it is for a few days only. The hour of battle will find me with you again. Let those only return to their homes who are called by the imperative duties of their families, and those, who by their wounds, have deserved the gratitude of their country. Those will serve Italy in their homes by their counsels, and the very aspect of their noble wounds. Apart from these, let all others remain to guard our glorious banners.

We shall meet ere long again, to march together for the redemption of our brethren who are still the slaves of the stranger.

We shall meet again ere long, and march together to new triumphs.

☞ Bow to destiny. One of these days he may be polite and return your bow.

CONGRESS.

Congress met on the 3rd—but very little business was transacted. Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, attempted to call up the Homestead Bill, but the House, after a short session, adjourned. The members seemed to be in a very good humor.

After the reading of the Message in the House, the following resolution was offered by Mr. Botcler, of Va.:—

Resolved, That so much of the President's Message as relates to the present perilous condition of the country be referred to a special committee of one from each State, with leave to report at any time.

Adopted, 145 yeas to 38 nays.

Mr. Morris (Ill.) offered the following:—

Resolved, That we are unalterably and immovably attached to the Union of the States; that we recognize in the Union the primary cause of our present greatness and prosperity as a nation, and have as yet seen nothing, either in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, or from any other source, to justify its dissolution; and that we pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor to maintain it.

Mr. Phelps objected to its introduction, and moved an adjournment, which was carried at 3 o'clock.

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

The Empress of France has arrived in England, *en route* to the residence of the Duchess of Hamilton, in Scotland. The Empress has arrived in strict *incognita*—so strict, indeed, that with her very small suite she travelled by the ordinary packet-boat Alliance across the channel to Dover; by the ordinary train to London; by common street cabs to Claridge's Hotel, in Brook street; and it was not until she had been sometime domiciled that the master of the hotel was aware that he had so illustrious a guest. The Empress went out shopping, and hired a plain fly of a livery-stable keeper to pay a visit to the Crystal Palace; and I believe, to-day or Monday, she will proceed to the residence of the Duke of Hamilton. Of course so strange a proceeding has given rise to a host of conjectures. People understand an *incognita*, but though the Empress has adopted the name and title of Countess Monthe de Beauvron, she did not travel even as a countess. There was no member of the French Embassy to meet her, and she has no one to attend her but two ladies, and the Marquis de Grange. She left Paris before daybreak, and arrived here in the evening. There appears to be a strange mystery in the affair. Unhappiness, debility, and depression of spirits at the recent death of her sister, are the assigned reasons; and the Emperor Napoleon is said to be so afflicted at the departure of the Empress, that he intends to give a bachelor's ball at Compeigne, and to give way to a number of hunting bouts. It would be ungenerous to suppose other motives than those offered for the elucidation of this singular affair; but the *incognita* is a very strict and mean *incognita* for an Empress to indulge in. It is reported that the cabman who drove the Empress is hesitating whether he—since he discovered who his "fare" proved to be—shall blow his brains out for not exacting "suvrins" instead of shillings for driving a "suvrin," or whether he shall exhibit the cab, inside cushion, and himself on the box, at sixpence a-head. Barnum's advice in this matter is loudly demanded.—*London Correspondent of North American.*

POLITICAL NEWS.

VIRGINIA.—The Governor has issued his proclamation declaring that nine Bell and six Breckinridge electors were chosen at the recent election.

CALIFORNIA.—The Presidential election returns are nearly completed. Lincoln is still from 500 to 800 ahead of Douglas, and all parties concede the State to him.

OREGON.—The Democratic Herald Extra, published at Eugene city, Oregon, on the 13th, gives the following summary for fifteen counties:—Lincoln, 5,062; Breckinridge, 4,866; Douglas, 3,850; Bell, 148. The returns are, however, not complete in several counties. The Breckinridge majority in Josephine county will be increased 15 or 20. Lincoln has about 60 majority in Umpqua county, which is not enumerated in the above figures. Coos, Curry, and Ullamok counties are yet to be heard from, and will increase Lincoln's majority.

YALE AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.—The public will be gratified to learn that the novel experiment of the Yale Agricultural Lectures of last winter was so successful as to induce its repetition this winter on a more complete scale. The course will commence February 5, and continue through the month. These lectures, which are of great value to the whole country, and worthy the attention of every cultivator, are given under the auspices of the Yale Scientific School, or Scientific Department of Yale College, as a supplement to its newly-instituted course of practical collegiate education, and for the benefit of the public at large. A new and important feature of this course will be its complete illustration by specimens, drawings, models and animals. Life-sized paintings of groups from celebrated herds will be included in these illustrations. The lectures on training and breaking horses are to be accompanied by practical illustrations. The lecturers of last year will take part in the course, and other eminent names, with a variety of new subjects, will be added to the list.

The expenses of the course are provided for in part by subscription. The lectures are under the direction of Prof. John A. Porter, who may be addressed for further information, at New Haven, Ct.

PAY YOUR TOLL.—The Augusta (Maine) Farmer gives an instance of presence of mind in the toll-keeper at the bridge in that city. An insane youth on his way to the Asylum, escaped from his father, and darted down the road in the direction of the bridge, fiercely brandishing a knife, with which he threatened all who came near him. The toll-keeper told him to stop, but he gesticulated furiously with his knife, and tried to pass him. "Stop, stop!" cried the toll-keeper, "you must pay your toll." At this reasonable demand, the madman stopped, put his hand in his pocket, when the toll-keeper threw his arms around him and secured him.

THE John Brown Convention, in Boston, on the 3d, was outvoted by outsiders, and the place of meeting closed by the police.—The Convention adjourned to a Baptist (colored) church.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 3.—The rumor circulated on Saturday evening, that a branch of the Bank of the State of Indiana had suspended specie payments, is without foundation. The Bank redeems, promptly, all bills presented.

☞ In all artistic composition, to be most pleasing to the eye the figure must be arranged so that the outline of the whole approaches to that of a pyramid—the most important figures being the loftiest and in the middle, and the subordinate figures gradually lower on each side. This is a rule so universal that bouquets are not excepted from it.

☞ HOW TO MAKE A RICH MAN SCRATCH HIS HEAD.—Ask him to endorse your note for about $10,000.

THE TIME TO MARRY.

The would-be wise this council give—
"Let love's fond passion cool,
The man who early weds will live
To think himself a fool.
The gathering chain that frets his limb,
Wears deeper day by day,
Experience little teaches him
Who gives his heart away.
He wisely weds who weddeth late,
A thrifty unimpassioned mate."

When wrinkled oaks shall twining cling,
With tendrils like the vine;
When ravens, like the linnet, sing
With melody divine;
When honey drops from withered leaves
And not from summer flowers;
When winter brings us golden sheaves,
The snow drift sunny hours;
When truth abused makes falsehood right,
Go withering wed and find delight.

The trembling notes the young birds wake,
Rise sweetly into tune,
As April buds expanding make
The flowery wealth of June;
So love begun in life's young day,
Matures with manhood's prime—
Defies the canker of decay,
And stronger grows with time.
Oh, early quaff Love's nuptial wine,
And all that's best in life is thine.

ANECDOTES OF VAN BUREN, JACKSON, &C.

FROM PARTON'S "LIFE OF JACKSON."

[An ex-clerk relates the following anecdotes, vouching for their truthfulness, to Mr. Parton.]

MR. VAN BUREN'S CHECK-BOOK.

Mr. Van Buren well knew my intimacy with the President, but it made no difference in his own demeanor towards me. Mr. Van Buren never employed the arts of personal conciliation of which he has been accused. To me he was always perfectly polite, but cold and reserved. I tried hard to win his regard, but never felt that I had made the slightest progress towards it. Even when I had rendered him a personal service, out of the line of my official duty, I could not lessen the distance between us by a hair's breadth. He had a singular aversion to accounts, and an inaptitude for keeping them that was strange in a man who was so careful to discharge his pecuniary obligations. Soon after he arrived in Washington he came to me, with a puzzled expression of countenance, and said that his bank account was all in confusion, and that he would be very much obliged to me if I would look it over, and tell him positively whether he had any money in the bank or not. I told him I would do it with much pleasure, and asked him for his check-book.

"Check-book! check-book!" said he, "what is that?"

He actually did not know what a check-book was; and, indeed, they were not commonly used thirty years ago, except by business men. When I had straightened out his account, I procured him a check-book, and explained to him the mode of using it. He manifested the same delight as a child does in a new toy, and I saw him show it as a great curiosity to one of his Southern friends.

I remember a curious incident of my intercourse with the Secretary of State. I had occasion to call upon him at his own house one morning, when I found him writing.

"Read that letter, Mr. Clark," said he, when he had finished, "and tell me what you think of it."

I read the letter, and said:

"I will tell you what I think of it with a great deal of pleasure, Mr. Van Buren, if you will tell me what it is about."

"That will do," he said; "I think it will answer."

He then folded the letter, and immediately turned to the business upon which I had come. The letter was so worded that no one unacquainted with its subject could have attached the slightest meaning to any part of it.

This extraordinary man, cold and cautious as he seemed to me and to the world, was exceedingly amiable, and even jovial, in his own house. I caught him once lying on a sofa, engaged in a downright romp with his boys, which he finished by throwing a sofa-cushion at one of them. He was also, at times, very frank in avowing both his opinions and his expedients. One day, after he had astonished a company of Virginians with a display of what seemed to them almost a miraculous familiarity with the local politics of Virginia, I asked him how he had acquired his information, adding that the Virginians, upon going out, had expressed boundless wonder at the extent of his knowledge. He answered that he had gathered most of it from those very Virginians with whom he had conversed. He had allowed them to talk *ad libitum*, and by adding what they let fall to what he knew before, he was able to *appear* to know more than they did.

The terror of Mr. Van Buren's public life was this: *to be thought an intriguer*. The very pains which he took to avoid the appearance of intrigue was often the means of fastening the charge upon him.

JACKSON'S OLD PIPE.

But to return to General Jackson. The General was a striking illustration of the doctrine of compensation. His will, if directly resisted, was not to be shaken by mortal power; but, if artfully managed, he was more easily swayed and imposed upon than any man of his day. There was a certain member of Congress who had set his heart upon a certain foreign mission, and had long tried to compass his aim, without effect. He obtained a clue, in some way, to one of the General's weaknesses, and changed his tactics in consequence. He cultivated my acquaintance assiduously, and accompanied me sometimes to the White House, where he gradually established himself upon a footing of office familiarity. I saw him one afternoon perform the following scene in the General's private office, myself being the only spectator thereof. The General was smoking his pipe.

"General Jackson," began the member, "I am about to ask you a favor—a favor, sir, that will cost you nothing, and the Government nothing, but will gratify me exceedingly."

"It's granted, sir," said the President.—"What is it?"

"Well, General, I have an old father at home who has as great an esteem for your character as one man can have for another. Before I left home, he charged me to get for him, if possible, one of General Jackson's pipes, and that is the favor I now ask of you."

"Oh, certainly," said the General, laughing, and ringing the bell.

When the servant came, he told him to bring two or three clean pipes.

"Excuse me, General," said the member, "but may I ask you for that very pipe you have just been smoking?"

"This one?" asked the General. "By all means, if you prefer it."

The President was proceeding to empty it of the ashes, when the member once more interrupted him.

"No, General, don't empty out the tobacco. I want that pipe just as it is, just as it left your lips."

The member took the pipe to the table, folded it carefully and reverently in a piece of paper, thanked the General for the precious gift with the utmost warmth, and left the room with the air of a man whose highest flight of ambition had just been more than gratified.

In a little less than three weeks after, that man departed on a mission to one of the South American States, and it was that pipe that did the business for him. At least I thought so; and if there is any meaning in a wink, he thought so too. It was also a fact, as he in confidence assured me, that his old father *did* revere General Jackson, and *would* be much gratified to possess one of his pipes. I once heard a pill-vender say to one who had laughed at his extravagant advertisements:

"Well, these pills of mine, to my certain knowledge, *have* cured some people."

Speaking of office-seeking, I will relate to you the singular process by which a clerk in the War Department was transformed into a Senator of the United States. If I had not been an eye-witness of this man's extraordinary proceedings, I could not believe the story. He was a loud, blustering, fluent, idle politician from the North, a *protege* or friend of one of the Burrites. He was sitting on the piazza of a hotel, one afternoon (an employment he was much addicted to), when a young man from the South began to declaim against the Administration, and to denounce with particular warmth the Burrite just referred to.

"Sir," said the War clerk, "if you feel it necessary to speak in that way, I will thank you to speak in a lower tone. The gentleman whom you are abusing is a friend of mine."

"I don't care a ——— who's your friend. I shall say what I please of the scoundrel, and as loud as I please."

The clerk flew at the young Southerner; but the bystanders interfered before much damage was done. In a few minutes, an officer of the army presented to the clerk a challenge from the young gentleman, which the clerk accepted. He asked me to be his second. I knew just as much of the duelling science as he did, which was nothing at all; nor did I think it proper for an employee of the government to bring discredit upon it by engaging in an affair of that kind. I declined peremptorily; and advised him to procure the assistance of a military man who understood such things. He started in pursuit of the only officer with whom he had exchanged a syllable in Washington, a captain to whom he had been casually introduced the evening before in a bar-room. He found his man and induced him to serve.

"What are your weapons?" asked the second. "You have the choice, you know."

"Have I?" exclaimed the clerk. "By Heaven, then, I have him on the hip. I choose small swords. Time, to-morrow morning at sunrise."

The second remonstrated. The principal insisted. The second of the Southerner protested. The clerk was inflexible. A postponement was asked, that weapons might be procured, and the young gentlemen instructed in their use. But, no; the next morning at the rising of the sun was the only time the clerk would hear of. Late in the evening, after many hours of negotiation and the interchange of notes innumerable, the second of the Southerner formally declined the meeting. The next morning the clerk posted the young man as a coward on all the walls of Washington. In the course of the day I met the victorious clerk and asked him where he had learned the use of the small sword.

"Small sword?" said he. "I never had one in my hand. I don't know what it is. And I knew *he* didn't."

He gained great eclat by this proceeding. He was regarded as a champion of the administration; and the President, who could no more help sympathizing with a fight than a duck can help liking water, was intensely gratified. The same day news came that an important vacancy had occurred in a remote territory, and my fighting friend saw that his hour had come. He immediately wrote a resignation of his clerkship, dating it on the day of the challenge, and presented it to the chief of his department with these words:

"Of course, sir, before accepting the challenge yesterday, I resigned my place in the department. I am not the man to connect the administration with a duel. Here it is, sir, dated, as you will perceive, yesterday."

The Secretary was delighted. The President was completely won. Rather than not reward a partisan who had fought for him, or who had shown a willingness to fight, he would almost have resigned his own office in favor of the champion. He gave the ex-clerk the vacant place. He gave him nine letters of introduction to personal friends in the territory. Shortly after, that territory was admitted into the Union as a sovereign State, and my fighting friend came back to Washington as one of its Senators. He served out his whole term without once revisiting the State he represented, and then retired to private life.

This incident reminds me of a conversation I once had with the President upon the subject of party appointments. I said:

"I want to ask you, General, about your advice to Mr. Monroe, that politics should not influence appointments. How do you reconcile that doctrine with the conduct of your administration?"

His countenance assumed a knowing, slightly waggish expression, as he replied,

"Young man, we are never too old to learn."

On another occasion he said,

"I am no politician. But if I were a politician, I would be a New York politician.

DOUBLE ENTRY.

I had not held my clerkship long before I discovered that the accounts of all the departments were kept in the most antiquated and awkward manner. Custom and tradition ruled supreme. Some accounts in the Treasury department were kept just as they were in the days of Alexander Hamilton, and according to modes devised and established by him. I did all I could for years to get the system of book-keeping by double entry introduced, but I met with insuperable difficulty. Not a man in high place knew what double entry was, or could be made to know. After a long struggle, I succeeded so far as to induce a certain Secretary of the Treasury to promise to examine a treatise on the art of book-keeping by double entry. I sent him one instantly, and hoped much from his well-known zeal and supposed intelligence. Some days after I received a message from the Secretary, asking me to call at his office, as he had made up his mind upon the subject of double entry, and wished me to learn his conclusions. I waited upon him.

"Ah, Mr. Clark, walk in. I am now prepared to show you, sir, that double entry is no better than single."

He took down a volume of English parliamentary reports turned to the evidence given by the inventor of a new system of book-keeping before a committee, and pointed to these words: "Double entry itself is no safeguard against omissions and false entries."

"There!" said the Secretary, triumphantly. "You see? High authority, sir. A professor of book-keeping! No safeguard against omissions and false entries!"

"Why, Mr. Secretary," said I, utterly confounded at the man's simplicity, "*no* system can prevent omissions and false entries. If your clerk sells five hundred barrels of flour, and enters four hundred, or omits to enter them at all, how *can* any system of book-keeping prevent it? The same dishonesty can make the book balance, no matter how false the entries may be. All book-keeping presupposes a desire on the part of the book-keeper to make an honest record, and all we claim for double entry, is, that it enables him to do so with greater convenience, certainty, and expedition. Double entry is a self-corrector. Your book-keeper knows, to a certainty, whether he has or has not made an exact record."

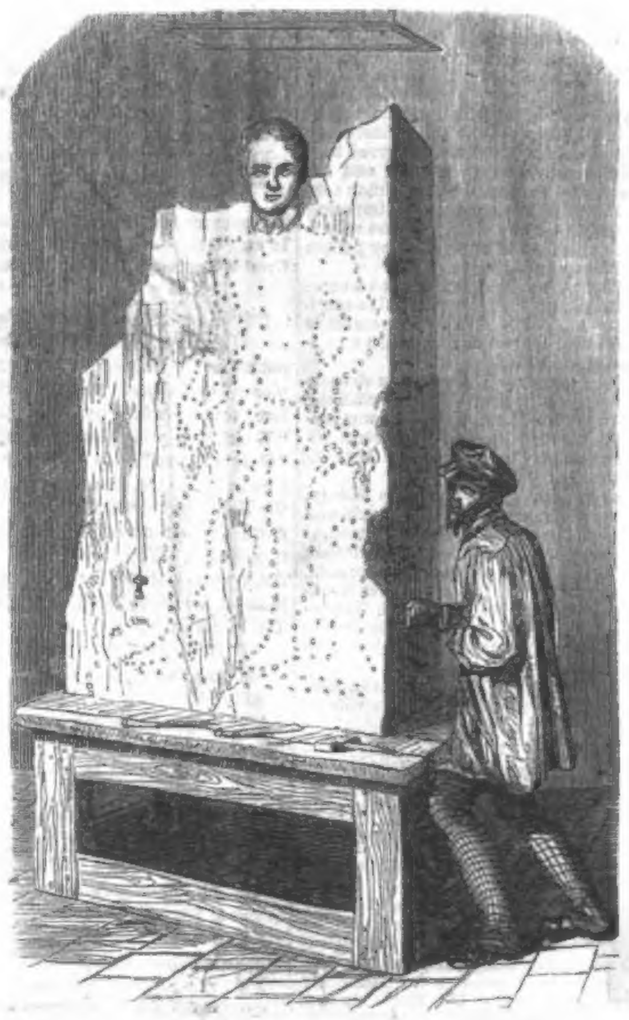
The Secretary scratched his wise noddle with the end of his pen for a minute or two, and then delivered himself thus:

"Mr. Clark, I will frankly admit that you have, explained away that difficulty with a great deal of ingenuity. I grant the force of your reasoning. But, sir, there *is* a difficulty in the way that is perfectly insurmountable. You cannot argue it down. It excludes argument."

"Indeed, sir!" said I. "What is that?"

"Well, sir," he rejoined, "this is an economical government, and *no Congress will ever consent to double the number of clerks in this department!*"

I am well aware that in teling this story I draw largely upon the credulity of the listener. Nevertheless, it is true. And this very Secretary held his office longer, I believe, than it has ever been held by any other incumbent since the foundation of the Government. I gave up double entry after that, and I presume they are keeping accounts in Washington in the good old way to this hour.



THE WORKMAN HEWING THE FIGURE OUT OF THE MARBLE.

IN MEMORIAM.

Another little form asleep,
And a little spirit gone;
Another little voice is hushed,
And a little angel born.
Two little feet are on the way
To the home beyond the skies,
And our hearts are like the void that comes
When a strain of music dies.

A pair of little baby shoes,
And a lock of golden hair;
The toy our little darling loved,
And the dress she used to wear;
The little grave in the shady nook
Where the flowers love to grow—
And these are all of the little hope
That came three years ago.

The birds will sit on the branch above,
And sing a requiem
To the beautiful little sleeping form
That used to sing to them.
But never again will the little lips
To their songs of love reply;
For that silvery voice is blended with
The minstrelsy on high.

HEALTHY WOMEN.

The women of Fayal are not considered remarkable for beauty: but in the villages of Pico one sees in the doorways of hovels complexions like rose-petals, and faces such as one attributes to Evangeline—soft, shy and innocent. But the figure is the chief wonder—the figure of woman as she was meant to be, beautiful in superb vigor—not diseased and tottering, as with us, but erect, and strong, and stately; every muscle fresh and alive, from the crown of the steady head to the sole of the emancipated foot, and yet not heavy and clumsy, as one fancies barefooted women must be, but inheriting symmetry and grace from the Portuguese or Moorish blood. I have looked through the crowded halls of Saratoga in vain for one such figure as I have again and again seen descending those steep mountain paths with a bundle of firewood on the head, or ascending them with a basket of farm-manure. No person who has never left America can appreciate the sensation of living among healthy women; often as I heard of this, I was utterly unprepared for the realization; I never lost the conscious enjoyment of it for a single day; and when I reached home and crossed Boston Common on a June Sunday, I felt as if I were in a hospital for consumptives.

This condition of health cannot be attributed to any mere advantage of climate. The higher classes of Fayal are feeble and sickly; their diet is bad, they take no exercise, and suffer the consequences; they have all the ills to which flesh is heir, including one specially Portuguese complaint, known by the odd complaint of *dor do coracoa*, elbow disease, which corresponds to that known to Anglo-Saxons, by an equally bold symbol, as the green-eyed monster, Jealousy. So the physical superiority of the peasantry seems to come solely from their mode of life—outdoor life, simple diet, and bare feet. Change these and their health goes; domestic service in foreign families on the island always makes them ill, and often destroys their health and bloom forever; and, strange to say, that which most nauseates and deranges their whole physical condition, in such cases, is the necessity of wearing shoes and stockings.

☞ It is said that, if you stop up rat-holes with old search-warrants, every knowing rat will leave the premises.

SCULPTURE.

The art of sculpture originated at a very early age in the world's history; and, without venturing into the controversy as to whether or not it was first devoted to purposes of idolatrous worship, whether it was practised before the flood, and whether Abraham's father was a distinguished statuary, we may safely assert the Egyptians and Assyrians to have been distinguished for their progress in this art, and award the credit to the ancient Greeks of having brought it to perfection.

The great superiority of the Greeks in the art of sculpture may be ascribed to a variety of natural causes which tended to foster and improve their taste for the beautiful. No people entertained a higher appreciation of all that is elegant and graceful; they preferred natural beauty to acquired accomplishments; they decreed the first rewards to those who excelled in agility and strength of body; to have a handsome figure was the hopeful desire of every Grecian youth. This love of the beautiful was in every way favorable to art. Socrates is said to have declared the artists to be the only wise men. The artist who executed his work with ability and taste might reasonably hope to have his own statue placed beside those of Miltiades and Themistocles. Thus encouraged and rewarded, art attained perfection; under similarly favorable circumstances, it might do so again. It is not our intention to enter into an inquiry as to the respective merits of the modern schools. Our ambition may be excited, but our pride is humbled, when we look at the Laocoon, the Venus de Medicis, the Apollo Belvidere, &c. Yet the knowledge of infinite superiority attaching to these immortal works should not depress the efforts of our artists, but rather rouse them to renewed exertion. What man has done, *man may do*. Phidias and Praxiteles may be rivalled, though they can never be excelled.

The mechanical part of sculpture is exceedingly simple, and requires but few tools. The essential element of success is the genius of the sculptor. Roubiliac used to say, "The figure is in the substance of the marble; I only extricate it from the inclosure, or pick it out." But before the artist, with chisel and hammer, sets about the arduous labor of picking out the statue, he has something else to do; and those who imagine that his principal work consists in chipping with his tool at the block of marble, are woefully ignorant of the real facts of the case, the most part of his labor being, *in truth*, confined to clay and plaster.

The sculptor begins his work precisely as does the painter, by a sketch. Frequently he makes this sketch on paper, but in all cases proceeds with it in clay or wax. In these materials he makes a perfect model of the subject which he intends to execute; thus determining the character, proportions, and effect of his composition. Professional artists must always use clay, and many of these clay models are annually exhibited in the Royal Academy of Arts, London. The clay employed is of the quality, and prepared in the manner in which it is used by potters. It may be readily prepared by wetting it with water, and by working and beating it into a proper consistency. Very few tools are required, and these consist only of small pieces of wood, bone, or ivory, for cutting away the clay, pressing it into form, &c. Most sculptors rely more upon their bare fingers in modelling than upon any tool whatever. This was the practice amongst the ancients, who especially used their nails to render certain parts more delicate and lively.

Clay, when used for modeling, requires to be kept constantly in a proper state of moisture, especially if metal supports or braces are used in the erection of the model, as these, by their not yielding to the contraction and expansion which take place in the clay, if not kept at an equal degree of dampness, cause the latter to crack, and often fall to pieces. The requisite degree of moisture is preserved by occasionally throwing water over the model with a syringe—the rose-head of which is perforated with very fine holes—by sprinkling it with a large brush, or by hanging wet cloths over it during the intervals of labor.

In reference to these remarks, we may observe that, according to the massiveness of the figure and the detached portion of its parts, more or less support is required beyond that which it is in the nature and strength of the clay to supply. For this purpose skeleton braces of iron must be prepared; these should be firmly bolted or fixed to the modeling-stand. Their protrusion beyond the surface of the model may sometimes be unavoidable, but care should always be taken that this may occur at unimportant points. The figure, or group, is then gradually developed by building it up compactly with the clay.

The custom is almost universal with sculptors, whether or not the figures are to be ultimately draped, to model them first of all nude. Accuracy of anatomical form is thus secured with a greater amount of certainty.

A cast in plaster is frequently taken from the clay model. This is a very simple process, but requires great care in its execution. A mould of the model has first of all to be taken, into which a mixture of plaster of Paris and water, about the consistency of thick batter, is poured. The operation should be witnessed before the experiment is made of a first attempt, after which there will be no difficulty in conducting the process.

The finish of the model is often advantageously effected in the plaster. In large or complicated works, the plaster cast is often a very great convenience, as parts of the statue or group—such as heads, limbs, &c.,—may be removed and wrought upon separately, under some circumstances, with greater facility than the position which they occupy in the composition.

The plaster cast is never so beautiful as the clay model; and neither one nor the other equal to the completed work—when "the marble, chiselled into life, grows warm." The clay model has been fancifully described as life—the plaster-cast as death—the marble statue as the resurrection.

Hewing the figure, or group, out of the stone or marble, is a simply mechanical operation. The relative sizes of the model and of the proposed work having been ascertained, exact measurements are made of the various prominences of the composition. Thus, on either side, for instance, the shoulders of a figure would be more prominent than the head, and in a face the nose must be more prominent than any other feature. The exact height and depth of all the inequalities in the model having been taken, the block of stone or marble is bored to the proportionate depths (as shown in our engraving), and the workmen then strike off all the superfluous material, leaving the figure as a rough but exact counterpart in outline and proportion of the clay model or plaster cast. The skill of the sculptor is then shown in all those skillful touches of the chisel which impart life and beauty to the composition—those happy touches which show the genius of the artist, and which can never be given by any mere artisan.

MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND.

FROM CASSELL'S LONDON PAPER.

Here, in England, we have the marriage by special license, the marriage by an ordinary license, the marriage before the registrar, and the marriage by banns.

"We do not wish to hear anything about the two last-mentioned marriages," we can fancy we hear some young lady exclaiming. "What person of any real religion would be married anywhere but in a church or a chapel? And I am sure no one of any importance was ever married by banns."

Do not be too certain about that, fair reader. Formerly, *kings and nobles* were married by banns—for, in the feudal law, banns were a solemn declaration of anything; whence arose the custom of asking banns, or giving notice before marriage.

The Princess Royal (daughter of James II.,) afterwards Queen of Bohemia, was married by banns. It is in the right of this Princess Royal, that her lineal descendant, Queen Victoria, now reigns over us.

For the celebration of a marriage before a registrar (with or without license,) either the lady or the gentleman must have resided fourteen days in the parish in which the said marriage is to take place. The registrar must have three week's notice for a marriage without a license, and this notice is put up at his office, and read before the proper officers when assembled. One week's notice suffices for a registrar marriage with a license. The price of this license is £3 12s. 6d.

At the expiration of three weeks, the marriage may be solemnized in any place which is licensed within the district, but the registrar must be present at the marriage. The fees for attendance, registration, and the certificate, are twelve shillings and sixpence with a license, and seven and sixpence without one.

We would have our readers observe that in all registrar marriages, in accordance with an Act of Parliament, the persons married must pronounce the following words before two witnesses, besides the registrar—

"I do solemnly declare that I know not of any lawful impediment why I (L. M.) may not be joined in matrimony to N. S." Each of the parties shall also say to each other, "I call upon these persons here to witness that I (L. M.) do take thee (N. S.) to be my wedded wife" (or husband, supposing the lady to be speaking.)

It was in the reign of William IV. that these marriages by Act of Parliament were introduced. Previously, persons of various religious persuasions were obliged in England to be married according to the rites of the Established Church.

We now take into consideration a marriage by banns. It deserves to take precedence of more fashionable marriages, on account of its great antiquity.

Parties desiring to be married by banns must, in the present day, give notice to the clerk of their parish, or of their district church. The names of both the gentleman and lady must be written down in full, and also the parishes in which they reside; and they must state whether they are bachelors or spinsters, widowers or widows. Supposing the lady and gentleman to be of different parishes, the banns must be published in each, and a certificate of the publication in one parish must be given to the clergyman who marries them in the other parish. The banns must be publicly read on three Sundays in the church; after which, even on the following Monday, the marriage may be solemnized.

The fees of a marriage by banns vary from eleven shillings and sixpence to fifteen shillings and sixpence, according to the parish or district where the marriage takes place.

Nothing can be more picturesque than country marriages in England, celebrated during the summer season among our rural population.

We can fancy the bride a rosy, smiling village maid, and her suitor a young, athletic yeoman—whose love will cherish, while his strength protects her. The joyful bells are in keeping with the scene—the gay wedding party, the cloudless sky, the blossoming hedges, and the enamelled fields.

On the other hand, the "yew tree's shade," the venerable, time-worn church, and the impressive marriage service, harmonize with the solemnity of a union that death only shall dissolve.

All marriages performed at the Established Church must be celebrated within canonical hours—that is, between the hours of eight and twelve.

A marriage by a special license may be celebrated at any hour, and even at the bride's own house, or at any "meet and proper place."

Special licenses date from the reign of Henry VIII. But these licenses, granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, are limited. They may be granted to peers and peeresses in their own right, to their sons and daugh-

ters, to dowager peeresses, to privy councillors, to Judges of the Court of Westminster, to baronets and knights, and to members of Parliament. To no other persons is a special license given, unless they allege weighty reasons for such indulgence.

The application for a special license must be made to the archbishop through a proctor, or ecclesiastical lawyer, who, having first ascertained names and particulars, will wait upon his Grace for his decision. The expense of a special license is about twenty-eight or thirty guineas.

An ordinary license, obtained at Doctor's Commons, St. Paul's Churchyard, is available throughout England. It remains in force for three months from the time of taking it out. In applying for a license it is not necessary that the parties should state their ages, except in the case of minority. Then the age must be stated, and the consent of the parents or guardians must be sworn to by the gentleman or the lady, for either the one or the other may apply for the license.

The marriage must be solemnised in the church of the parish in which one of the parties has resided fourteen days. So if you mean to apply for a marriage license, ascertain the name of the parish you are residing in, as you will have to state the name of it on oath, and also the name of the parish of the person to whom you are to be united. You will also have to declare that you believe there is no impediment to your lawful alliance; and further, that you have resided in such or such a parish for the space of fourteen days.

All these declarations you will have to make in a legal form, of which we need not give the exact words. The form is then signed by the vicar-general, or a surrogate appointed for that purpose, and then your marriage license is made out. The copy you will receive is to be left in the hands of the clergyman who marries you, it being his authority for so doing.

The expense of an ordinary license is two guineas and a half, or three guineas where either the gentleman or the lady is a minor.

The marriage fees vary according to the parish or district in which you are married. The amount of the complimentary fee to the clergyman must depend on the means of the gentleman married.

Respecting the solemnization of the marriage, an idea prevails that the ceremony of giving away the bride must be performed by her father or some near relative. It need not necessarily be so, for any gentleman friend present, or even the clerk or sexton, may officiate as father, without invalidating the marriage. Neither are bridesmaids necessary, but they are so very ornamental, that we hope never to see a wedding without them.

Morganatic marriages, which are not known in this country, but are almost restricted to Germany, are marriages between a bridegroom of princely rank and a bride of inferior station; in which, although such marriages are recognized by law and custom, the bride is not raised to her husband's rank, nor does she enjoy the social privileges of his position.

HOW TO PLEASE.

"'Tis not so difficult to please
As many men suppose!—
Urbanity will always charm,
As every lady knows.

"Companionship our natures seek!
We all affection crave—
'Tis natural for us to love
The gifted and the brave!

"We turn a kindly eye on each
When first we chance to meet;
Till some unguarded selfish acts
His arts to please defeat.

"A man refined, with nature kind
Makes friends where'er he goes;
His gentle way, or genial smile,
A grace around him throws.

"Who wishes truly to be loved,
Should be what he would seem:
Good humor, honor, sympathy,
Must in his features beam."

Thus spoke my lady-love. "Ah, me!
My hopes," said I, "you freeze!
Farewell!" She whispered, "Go not thus;
But, stay, do as you please!"

WRESTLING IN "YE OLDEN TYME."—Caleb Stark, Esq., in the history of Dumbarton, N. H., relates the following in a chapter upon the early trials of strength in that town:—

A person called at the house of John McNeil, in consequence of having heard of his strength and prowess. McNeil was absent, which circumstance the stranger regretted (as he informed his wife, Christina, who inquired his business), since he had travelled many miles for no other purpose than to throw him. "And troth, mon," said Christian McNeill, "Johnny is gone, but I'm not the woman to see ye disappointed; an' I think, if ye'll try, mon, I'll throw ye myself!"

The stranger, not liking to be bantered by a woman, accepted the challenge, and, sure enough, Christian tripped his heels, and threw him upon the ground. He did not stop for "Johnny."

☞ "Dear Laura, when we were courting, you were very dear to me; but now you're my wife, and I am paying your bills, you seem to get *dearer and dearer!*"

☞ There is a certain tree in India, the wood of which is held in such veneration, that every Burman house has a beam of it.

☞ In 1552, during the reign of Edward VI., books of astronomy and geometry were destroyed, as being infected with magic!

☞ A cynical writer asks "when women will cease to make fools of themselves." Probably when men cease to admire and love fools more than women of sense.

☞ The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their *own* bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch.

THE CASTLE'S HEIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXII.

A WEDDING BREAKFAST.—THE LAST SCENE ON THE HEIGHTS.

Once more there was a large gathering of the people at Danesheld. But this time it was not of a sad nature, neither did it take place at the castle, but at the residence of Squire Lester. Following the injunction of his father, William had not long deferred his marriage, and on as balmy a day as May ever brought forth, he was united to Maria.

They had returned from church, and were now seated at the breakfast, a goodly company. Lord and Lady Dane in the middle of the table; opposite to them, Mr. Lester and Lady Adelaide; Wilfred sat by his sister's side, and Edith by Lord Dane. Many friends were present. Bruff, in attendance on his lord, paraded his portly form by the sideboard, to the admiration of Squire Lester's less exalted staff of servants, and Ravensbird had invited himself, to wait upon anybody. As to Sophie, she had quitted the Sailor's Rest for the Hall at six o'clock that morning, protesting in all her national vanity that nobody but herself could turn out Miss Lester fit to be seen.

Miss Dane was present, in the most ravishing of costumes; so coquettish and airy, that it was difficult to believe anybody but Sophie with her French taste, had had a hand in it. Herbert Dane was not there. He had left, to take up his residence in Paris, and there he would probably remain for a permanency; he had always favored the gay city, and England was no longer a sunny land to him. Miss Dane lived in his house covered with the ivy—the reader visted it one evening when he was Herbert Dane. Very vexed was she to leave the castle, but where was the help for it? Soon after Lord Dane's death, when future plans were being talked over, and Wilfred and Edith had returned to their own cottage, her brother told her she might occupy his old house, as he did not intend to do so.

"Oh, thank you all the same, Herbert," was Miss Dane's hasty reply, "but I would prefer to stop at the castle."

"At the castle! How can you? You will not be wanted here. Ask William if you will."

Miss Dane, rather offended, went off on the spur of the moment to find William. In a pretty little speech, all airs and graces, and Lydia Languish looks, she proposed to remain with him as housekeeper.

"But I shall soon be bringing a housekeeper home, Cecilia," was his reply, in a laughing tone of remonstrance.

"Oh, dear! then it is true! I never did put the question direct to you or to Miss Lester, and could not think of paying attention to the insinuations of others. I should manage the household better than she will, being accustomed to it; I wish I could stay, William—only as a cousin, of course," simpered she, casting down her eyes and her blushing cheeks.

William thought it about as direct an offer as a gentleman could well receive. He suppressed the merriment in his eye, and replied in a grave tone.

"I fear you have spoken without counting the cost. I am young; you are—young too; what would scandal-loving Danesheld say?"

"Oh, dear!" shrieked Miss Dane, with a start, "would it, do you suppose? I never did think of that. Then I may as well accept Herbert's offer of his house."

She hastened from the room, her silk apron held before her eyes, and William burst into a violent fit of laughter; so prolonged and irrepressible that the sober Bruff, who just then came in, thought his young lord had suddenly gone crazy.

Miss Dane, therefore, took up her abode in the offered house, with a cordial intimation that the castle would be delighted to welcome her at any and every opportunity; and here she was at the wedding. Perhaps the next best thing to being the bride, was to be one of the bridesmaids, for in that capacity did Miss Dane officiate this morning.

The breakfast had proceeded to the toast-giving. The health of Lord and Lady Dane had been drunk, and William was standing, a flush on his handsome face, to return thanks, when the door slowly opened, and a tall, spare stranger, with a military air, and his sallow features bronzed, stood at it, leisurely surveying the company. The company, in their turn, surveyed him, and William paused. He seemed to strike upon their senses somewhat after the fashion of Banquo's ghost. A dead silence supervened, and not a few of the visitors began to wonder whether this could be a second Lord Dane sprung from the dead.

"Which is Edith?"

Curious words to come from him, and the sea of faces stared in blank consternation, Edith's not less blank than theirs. Suddenly, there was a faint, yearning cry, and Miss Bordillion sprang towards him.

"My brother! I am sure it is my brother!"

Yes, it was Colonel Bordillion. He had just landed from India, having come home without apprising any one.

Oh, there was congratulation! Mr. Lester pressed forward, Lady Adelaide, others who had known him many, many years ago; all with their eager welcome. Edith could not remember him; he had parted from her, a little child of six, when she was sent over from India; and she stood confused, scarcely understanding who it really was. He looked around, perhaps naturally, for the youngest and the fairest, and drew close to her and Maria, surveying each alternately.

"You are Edith," he said, laying his hand on Maria.

"Oh, papa, papa, no, it is I!" said Edith then, as she fully realized that it *was* her father, and flung herself into his arms with a burst of hysterical tears. *I* am Edith."

"And you?" said Colonel Bordillion, smiling upon Maria, after he had given a few moments to Edith.

"I am Maria Lester," returned she, totally oblivious at the moment of her new name.

"And you must be Wilfred?" continued Colonel Bordillion, surveying the tall, handsome form that rose between Maria and Edith.

"Not so, papa. This is Lord Dane. Wilfred is standing at your elbow."

Colonel Bordillion greeted his son-in-law, and then turned to Lord Dane, his eyes ranging over his noble features and manly bearing.

"It is the face and form of a Dane," he said. "But I knew not that there was a young heir to inherit. And what is the cause of this festive assemblage?"

"Nothing but a wedding breakfast," laughed Lord Dane. "I have been making this young lady my wife."

"Why, you have just told me your name was Maria Lester," cried Colonel Bordillion, smiling down upon her blushing face.

"Forgetting that she has laid it aside forever," put in Wilfred. "She should have said Maria Dane."

Colonel Bordillion sat down with them.—He was an exceedingly guileless, open-speaking man, and he entered without ceremony upon his own affairs before everybody.

"I have done with service," he observed, "and have come home to rest during the remainder of my days. You and I can live together, Margaret."

"Oh, yes, yes," she answered: but there was a little catching sob of the breath as she remembered how very poor a house it was to welcome him to.

"A sad affair, that bank going," exclaimed one of the guests. "Quite ruined you, did it not, Colonel?"

"I thought so at first. It was believed there would not be a shilling for anybody, but it has turned out quite differently. We have got back more than fifty per cent. of our losses. Over thirty thousand pounds they have refunded to me."

Over thirty thousand pounds! The poor Colonel Bordillion! Squire Lester sat and stared at him. Margaret stole a glance at Edith, and laid a hand upon her own beating heart.

"Why, you must have been a sixty thousand pound man, Colonel!" exclaimed peppery little Lawyer Apperly. "What an immense fortune!"

"What do we wear out our lives in India for, but to make fortunes?" laughed the Colonel. "I assure you, the very instant I could draw my dividend—"

"Thirty thousand, you say?"

"Rather more. The instant I drew it, I made arrangements for returning home to relieve my honored friend and connexion, Squire Lester. It has fallen to him to supply his son and daughter-in-law with an income hitherto, and I thought it high time I took my turn at the cost.

If ever a flush of shame darkened a man's countenance, it dyed at that moment George Lester's. How had he supplied them? Left them to starve: nearly allowed Edith to drop into her grave from sheer famine: suffered Wilfred to go to ruin as fast as he pleased! Lady Adelaide, too! she glanced at Edith, a pleading glance from her burning eyelids: it seemed to say, "Do not, in pity, expose me!" So Edith understood it, and a sweet look of loving assurance went back to Lady Adelaide. The least concerned of all, was Miss Dane, shaking out her ringlets, and taking shy peeps at Colonel Bordillion; she was speculating upon whether the Colonel was or was not too old for her, and whether it might be worth while to set her cap at him.

Later, when Lord and Lady Dane had left, and the guests, saving the immediate family, had dispersed, Squire Lester retired to his study, and desired that Sarah should come to him, she being at the Hall that day, partaking of the festivities of the servants. It had been troubling the mind of Mr. Lester, what he could do towards repairing the past.

"Sarah, take a seat," began he, for Sarah had once been the valued nurse in the Lester family, during his first wife's lifetime. "I want to know whether there are not some standing debts, owing from your house. They were not all paid up."

"Yes, they were, sir. After Mr. Wilfred came into the money left him by Lord Dane."

"Some, I know, were paid. But what was it that was said about your obtaining so many things on credit, even wine? Wilfred told me he could get no explanation from you about them, and that they were not settled. I should like to pay those debts myself."

"There never were any to pay," returned Sarah, a smile stealing over her hard features. "Why, sir, you can't think I should have been able to get the credit renewed that had been stopped so long: I thought at the time how soft folks must be to fancy so. Every bit and drop that came in I went for with the money in my hand."

"Where did you get the money from?" asked Mr. Lester, in astonishment.

"From one that Danesheld was pulling to pieces as a thief and a vagabond," was Sarah's answer. "I have wished, when I heard 'em, I could tie the whole place together, and bump 'em for it. He made friends with me, and told me I must join him in a little bit of deceit, for he could not see my master and mistress's state without relieving it, and I did. He found the money, and I laid it out: and it is thanks to him, William Lydney, that Miss Edith is alive to see her father this day. If ever a young lady has gained a prize, it's your daughter, sir, in marrying him."

"I think she has," said Mr. Lester, with emotion.

"I know she has," was the retort of Sarah. "He was just going to the dogs, as fast as he could go, was Mr. Wilfred; yes, sir, you are his father, but I'm not going to eat my words; racing to 'em, he was, and William Lydney saved him, leaving all sorts of suspicion and scorn for Wilfred Lester's sake. People talk of the noble Danes, but I'll be whipped if ever there was one of the race half as noble as the present lord."

The next morning, while the Lesters were at breakfast, a violent noise, as of fighting, was heard in the Hall. Lady Adelaide's thoughts flew to her children, and she sprang to the room door and opened it. There stood Shad and Tiffie, engaged in a pitched battle, scratching, biting, tearing, and shrieking at each other.

The cause was this: Shad had presented himself at the back door, apparently in a state of much excitement and fear, and demanded to see Tiffie. The girl, who answered it, ungraciously told him to "Go and hunt for her:" for the fact was, Tiffie, who had got up in a most vile temper, had been making several of the servants suffer, and this girl more particularly. Away went Shad up the passages, looking here, peeping there, until he came to the Hall; there he caught sight of Tiffie, who was standing with her ear to the keyhole of a door, which happened to be that of the breakfast-room. Shad stole stealthily up behind, and laid hold of her; Tiffie, in her terror, for she thought she was caught, began, when she saw who it was, to pay him off by sundry tingling slaps on the cheeks and pullings of the hair; Shad, in *his* terror, not to say pain, retaliated, and the result was the battle.

"What is the meaning of this?" demanded Squire Lester, advancing. "Tiffie!"

Tiffie softened down to meekness: only by the flashing of her sly eyes could one have told how false the meekness was. Shad only howled.

"I'm sure I beg parding, sir, and my lady," returned she. "This wicked raggamuffyan of Granny Bean's come a startling of me to throw me over, just as I was going into the breakfast-room to ask a question of my lady about little Miss Ada—"

"You was n't a going in," raved Shad in his anger, "you was a stopping at the door, a listening."

"The ready lies that these young creatures invent!" apostrophised Tiffie, turning up her eyes. "I would not have cared for his startling of me, but it vexed me, sir, to see one, like him, a pushing of himself into a gentleman's house. Be quiet, you vagabone, and come along with me. I'll soon put him out, my lady."

"Stop," said Mr. Lester. "How did you get in, Shad?"

"I come to the door and I asked for Mrs. Tiffie," sobbed Shad, "and the young woman she telled me to come and find her—"

"Asked for me—*me!*" put in Tiffie, in a glow of indignation. "The impidiace of that!"

"What be I to do?" howled Shad. "Granny's dead, she is, and I be afraid to stop there. Who be I to tell?"

"Granny Bean dead!" returned Mr. Lester.

"I'm sure on't," sniffed Shad. "She's a sitting back in her chair with her face blue and her mouth open and her eyes a staring. I wondered as she didn't screech at me to get up, so I lay abed, and when I went to her, her face was like that. And, because I comes and tells, I'm kicked at and my hair tored out."

"Please, sir, hadn't I better go back with him and see what it really is?" asked Tiffie, as mild now as milk.

"I think you had," replied Mr. Lester, "but step in here an instant first. Shad, you sit down there," added he, pointing to a chair in the hall. Tiffie went in, and closed the door.

"Lady Adelaide and myself have come to the resolution of parting with you, Tiffie. We have not been satisfied with you for some time, but suffered you to remain until Miss Lester's marriage was over. You will quit the Hall this day month."

Tiffie turned her face, growing livid with surprise and anger, from her master's to Lady Adelaide's: both looked calmly resolute.

"To pa-pa-part with me!" gasped Tiffie. "What have I done?"

"What have you not done in the way of mischief!" returned Mr. Lester. "Ask your own conscience. But for your underhand plots and wicked doings, I should never have been opposed to my son, in the manner I have. A servant who peers into private places and listens behind doors and hedges, will no longer suit Danesheld Hall."

"I!—*I* listen behind hedges!" shrieked Tiffie, "when do I go out to listen? It's a lie."

"Tiffie! how dare you speak so before your lady? If you have not listened behind hedges yourself, you have taken care that your respectable friend Mr. Shad should do it. What is the nature of the connection or relationship between you and Shad?" abruptly concluded Mr. Lester.

The question seemed to drive Tiffie wild. A connection between her and Granny Bean's brat, Shad, she raved—who dared to insinuate it!

"It is of no consequence," replied Mr. Lester. "Remember that you are out of the house this day month. And let me recommend you to drop your favorite employments, looking and listening, before you try for a situation in another family."

Then out broke Tiffie: her rage mastered her, and she was as a very fiend let loose. She abused her master; she insulted Lady Adelaide, the servants came flocking in astonishment, and Mr. Lester put her out of the house there and then, paying her on the spot the balance of her wages due. She bestowed some benedictions, more loud than holy, upon the Hall, as she flounced out of it, pulling Shad with her.

Sure enough Granny Bean was dead. Tiffie took up her residence in the hut, announcing that she should remain in it for the future, and boasting that she had well feathered her nest, and could live in comfort. What was to become of Shad? people asked: but alas! that young gentleman turned out to be the offspring of the immaculate Tiffie. It came to light through some recent revelation of Granny Bean's: Tiffie at first denied it with glowing indignation, but when she found her denial was only laughed at, then she turned upon them and brazened it out.

"Well, he was; and she was proud of him, there!" Well she might be, for he was the very image of herself.

THE POET POPE BOATING ON THE THAMES.

On the banks of the Thames are many villages, and villa after villa unfold themselves to the eye. One of these was Pope's, with its little lawn, but, alas! no longer with its two weeping willows hanging over the river. It is a pleasing object, and, from the recollections it cannot fail to excite, will always be considered an interesting one. Some little anecdotes of the poet may still be collected at Twickenham, and I have heard from three different persons, one of whom was the late Mr. Rogers, that they had spoken to the old waterman, who for many years rowed Pope on the Thames. He was in the habit of having his sedan-chair lifted into the punt. If the weather was fine, he let down the glasses; if cold, he pulled them up. He would sometimes say to the waterman (this is his own account), "John, I am going to repeat some verses to you; take care and remember them the next time I go out." When that time came, Pope would say: "John, where are the verses I told you of?" "I have forgotten them, sir." "John, you are a blockhead—I must write them down for you." John said that no one thought of saying, when speaking of him, Mr. Pope, but he was always called Mr. Alexander. In one of his poems, he, with considerable bitterness, attacks a Mr. Secretary Johnson, a neighbor of his, residing at a villa on the banks of the Thames, now called Orleans House, and refers with considerable spite to his "Dog and Bitch." No commentator on Pope's works has ever been able to discover what was meant by a reference to these animals. I have, however, been the means of making the discovery. On each side of the lawn of Orleans House there are walls covered with ivy. In the centre of each wall the ivy appeared much raised above the rest. A friend, residing near, at my request examined these portions of the walls, and, concealed in the raised ivy, he discovered on one wall a dog carved in stone, and on the other a stone bitch.* Now it is certain that when John punted the poet up and down the river, he could readily see these animals, and thence his satire.

*Pope alludes to these figures in his "Imitations of Spenser:"

Such place hath Deptford, navy-building town,
Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of pitch;
Such Lambeth, envy of each band and gown,
And Twickenham such, which fairer scenes enrich;
Grots, statues, urns, and Jo——n's dog and bitch.
Ne village is without on either side
All up the silver Thames, or all adown,
Ne Richmond's self from whose tall front are eyed
Vales, spires, meandering streams, and Windsor's towery pride.

The Jo——n mentioned in the fifth line was Mr. Secretary Johnson, an official of some public note in the reign of Queen Anne.

The sun was sinking beyond the sea on one of the evenings in June, its last rays illumining a busy scene. What could be going on at Danesheld? It seemed as though all its population had dressed themselves in gala clothes, and had turned out to crowd the heights. Anxiously were their eyes directed to the further extremity of the road, and as a carriage wound round the corner into view, symptoms of excitement arose. It was a chariot and four, its panels bearing the Dane arms and coronet. Inside it sat Lord Dane and his wife; they were returning from their bridal tour. Simultaneously with the sight of the chariot to the crowd, came the sight of the crowd to the inmates of the chariot.

"What can this mean?" exclaimed Lord Dane, in the surprise of the moment. "Look, Maria!"

No need to ask long what it was, or why they had assembled there, for the low murmured tones of greeting grew into deep and heartfelt shouts—"Welcome home to Lord and Lady Dane!" The carriage advanced at a foot pace, it could not get on quicker, unless it had crushed the people, and Lord Dane bowed on all sides, the frank smiles on his handsome face pleasing the shouters as much as the bows.

"William, I do believe that everybody is here!" exclaimed Maria, as rich and poor, high and low were caught sight of in turn. "There's your friend, Ben Beecher."

Lord Dane looked out till he caught his eye, and gave him an especial smile and bow all to himself. Ben reddened with pride.

"And there's Sophie, William! Do look! she is shaking her handkerchief! And there's Mr. Apperly, shouting himself hoarse. How kind they all are!"

Maria stopped, for at that moment a lovely bouquet was dashed into the carriage, nearly catching her on the cheek. She took it up, laughed, and leaned forward.

"Thank you, thank you, Sophie!" for it had come from Mrs. Ravensbird.

A few paces more, and Lord Dane, taking his wife's hand, pointed to a certain spot where stood two people, somewhat apart from each other. A woman in a gay, new, scarlet shawl, and gay yellow bonnet, with pink bows inside, and a young gentleman in a suit of corduroy, ornamented with fancy metal buttons.

"See there, Maria."

"Shad and Tiffie!" Maria uttered. "I wonder she should have that boy with her. And how strangely she is dressed! What will mamma say?"

"As to her having Shad with her, I have a strong suspicion that Shad has more right to be with her than with anybody else," said Lord Dane.

"What do you mean, William?"

Lord Dane only laughed, and there was no time to pursue the theme, for the crowd grew denser.

The gates of the castle were thrown open, and the entrance was lined with the Dane retainers. Gathered before them stood welcoming friends: Mr. and Lady Adelaide Lester and their children, Wilfred and Edith, Colonel and Miss Bordillion, Miss Dane and others. It was the last appearance of Wilfred Lester and his wife. In a day or two they were to depart for town, an excellent appointment under government having been obtained for him, through the Dane interest.

The carriage drew up, and as Lord Dane stepped from it, there was a flourish of trumpets, and a new and stately flag shot up from the centre turret, to wave majestically over the castle. The beams of the departing sun shone upon it, and acclamations rent the air.

A few hasty greetings to relatives, and then William turned to give his final bows of thanks to the crowd. He was interrupted by a yellow bonnet which had pushed through the ranks and planted itself before him.

"Here's wishing of your lordship every happiness in life, and the same to your lordship's lady," curtsied the false and brassy Tiffie. "Though I have been shamefully used and abused, and turned out of my place since your lordship's departure, I'm not one to bear malice, and says I to Shad, 'We'll go up with the rest, and offer our kingretlations this onspicious day to Lord and Lady Dane.'"

"Lord and Lady Dane beg to thank you," was William's response, somewhat coldly spoken.

"And I've a taken up my risidince in the cottage which was Granny Bean's, having accumulated enough for a small indepindince," answered Tiffie. "And if I can serve your lord or ladyship in any way, I shall be gritified to do it."

"Have you taken to Shad, as well as to the cottage?" pursued William.

"Yes, my lord, I have. Not being ashamed to acknowledge in the faces of inemies that he's mine," was the assured response.

"The best thing that could be done with Shad would be to send him to a Reformatory, the next best place for him would be a school," returned Lord Dane. "I promised the boy I would do something for him: and he must be rescued from his present vagabond life, if he is to escape utter ruin. I am ready to place him at an industrial school, where he will be taught to earn his living, and where what good may be in him will be brought out."

"And it's with thanks for your lordship's intintions, but I don't intind to do myself the pleasure of excepting of them," spoke Tiffie, in a tone of resentment. "Shad's no more a vagabone than other folks, and he'll stop and have his abode with me, and no power shall tear us apart."

Shad melted into tears and whined out a chorus, one eye turned up to Lord Dane, the other down at Tiffie. He'd do a'most anything his lordship wanted of him, but he couldn't leave his dear mother, Miss Tiffie.

"Very well," said Lord Dane to Tiffie. "I am ready and willing to rescue him from the emptation to evil; if you refuse, and then allow Shad to run into the evil to break the law, I shall surely punish him. And, mark you, I shall have him watched. I shall suffer no more loose doings in Danesheld. You had better think it over, Tiffie; and remember that the boy has a soul to be saved."

William turned, and faced the crowd, standing bareheaded, his wife upon his arm. They were cheering themselves deaf. He bowed his acknowledgments, he smiled his thanks; to those immediately around, he spoke them. It was a scene worth depicting. The stately old castle and its waving flag; the hundreds gathered before it in their homage and affection; and the fine young chieftain standing there, free and noble, his face lighted by the slanting beams of the sun. As they gazed on his earnest, thoughtful eyes, and his brow of intellect: on his serene features, and the unmistakable expression stamped on them, goodness; they felt that henceforth Danesheld, in its lord, would possess a *friend*. Maria leaned on him, her cheeks blushing, and her eyes wet. Perhaps there was scarcely a dry eye in the crowd, as the last cheers went up—"Long life, peace, and blessings on Lord and Lady Dane!"

THE END.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

[We have held back our paper a couple of days this week, in order to give our readers that portion of President Buchanan's Message which refers to the question of Secession. The message opens with it, and it comprises nearly two-thirds of the document, as follows:—]

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

Throughout the year since our last meeting, the country has been eminently prosperous in all its material interests. The general health has been excellent, our harvests have been abundant, and plenty smiles throughout the land. Our commerce and manufactures have been prosecuted with energy and industry, and have yielded fair and ample returns. In short, no nation in the tide of time has ever presented a spectacle of greater material prosperity than we have done until within a very recent period.

Why is it, then, that discontent now so extensively prevails, and the Union of the States, which is the source of all these blessings, is threatened with destruction? The long-continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States has at length produced its natural effects. The different sections of the Union are now arrayed against each other, and the time has arrived, so much dreaded by the Father of his Country, when hostile geographical parties have been formed. I have long foreseen and often forewarned my countrymen of the now impending danger. This does not proceed solely from the claim on the part of Congress or the territorial legislatures to exclude slavery from the Territories, nor from the efforts of different States to defeat the execution of the fugitive-slave law.

All or any of these evils might have been endured by the South without danger to the Union, (as others have been,) in the hope that time and reflection might apply the remedy. The immediate peril arises not so much from these causes as from the fact that the incessant and violent agitation of the slavery question throughout the North for the last quarter a century, has at length produced its malign influence on the slaves, and inspired them with vague notions of freedom.—Hence a sense of security no longer exists around the family altar. This feeling of peace at home has given place to apprehensions of servile insurrection. Many a matron throughout the South retires at night in dread of what may befall herself and her children before the morning.

Should this apprehension of domestic danger, whether real or imaginary, extend and intensify itself until it shall pervade the masses of the Southern people, then disunion will become inevitable. Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and has been implanted in the heart of man by his Creator for the wisest purpose; and no political union, however fraught with blessings and benefits in all other respects, can long continue, if the necessary consequence be to render the homes and the firesides of nearly half the parties to it habitually and hopelessly insecure. Sooner or later the bonds of such a Union must be severed. It is my conviction that this fatal period has not yet arrived; and my prayer to God is that He would preserve the Constitution and the Union throughout all generations.

But let us take warning in time, and remove the cause of danger. It cannot be denied that, for five and twenty years, the agitation at the North against slavery in the South has been incessant. In 1835 pictorial handbills, and inflammatory appeals, were circulated extensively throughout the South, of a character to excite the passions of the slaves; and, in the language of General Jackson, "to stimulate them to insurrection, and produce all the horrors of a servile war." This agitation has ever since been continued by the public press, by the proceedings of State and county conventions, and by abolition sermons and lectures. The time of Congress has been occupied in violent speeches on this never-ending subject; and appeals in pamphlet and other forms, endorsed by distinguished names, have been sent forth from this central point, and spread broadcast over the Union.

How easy would it be for the American people to settle the slavery question forever, and to restore peace and harmony to this distracted country.

They, and they alone, can do it. All that is necessary to accomplish the object, and all for which the slave States have ever contended, is to be let alone, and permitted to manage their domestic institutions in their own way. As sovereign States, they, and they alone, are responsible before God and the world for the slavery existing among them. For this, the people of the North are not more responsible, and have no more right to interfere, than with similar institutions in Russia or in Brazil. Upon their good sense and patriotic forbearance I confess I still greatly rely. Without their aid, it is beyond the power of any President, no matter what may be his own political proclivities, to restore peace and harmony among the States. Wisely limited and restrained as is his power, under our Constitution and laws, he alone can accomplish but little for good or for evil, on such a momentous question.

And this brings me to observe that the election of any one of our fellow citizens to the office of President does not of itself afford just cause for dissolving the Union. This is more especially true if his election has been effected by a mere plurality, and not a majority, of the people, and has resulted from transient and temporary causes, which may probably never again occur. In order to justify a resort to revolutionary resistance, the Federal Government must be guilty of "a deliberate, palpable and dangerous exercise" of powers not granted by the Constitution. The late presidential election, however, has been held in strict conformity with its express provisions. How, then, can the result justify a revolution to destroy this very Constitution? Reason, justice, a regard for the Constitution, all require that we shall wait for some overt and dangerous act on the part of the President elect before resorting to such a remedy.

It is said, however, that the antecedents of the President elect have been sufficient to justify the fears of the South that he will attempt to invade their constitutional rights. But are such apprehensions of contingent danger in the future sufficient to justify the immediate destruction of the noblest system of government ever devised by mortals? From the very nature of his office, and its high responsibilities, he must necessarily be conservative. The stern duty of administering the vast and complicated concerns of this Government affords in itself a guarantee that he will not attempt any violation of a clear constitutional right. After all, he is no more than the chief executive officer of the Government.

His province is not to make, but to execute, the laws: and it is a remarkable fact in our history, that, notwithstanding the repeated efforts of the anti-slavery party, no single act has ever passed Congress, unless we may possibly except the Missouri Compromise, impairing, in the slightest degree, the rights of the South to their property in slaves. And it may also be observed, judging from present indications, that no probability exists of the passage of such an act, by a majority of both Houses, either in the present or the next Congress. Surely, under these circumstances, we ought to be restrained from present action by the precept of Him who spake as never man spoke, that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The day of evil may never come, unless we shall rashly bring it upon ourselves.

It is alleged as one cause for immediate secession that the Southern States are denied equal rights with the other States in the common Territories. But by what authority are these denied? Not by Congress, which has never passed, and I believe never will pass, any act to exclude slavery from these Territories; and certainly not by the Supreme Court, which has solemnly decided that slaves are property, and, like all other property, their owners have a right to take them into the common Territories, and hold them there under the protection of the Constitution.

So far, then, as Congress is concerned, the objection is not to anything they have already done, but to what they may do hereafter. It will surely be admitted that this apprehension of future danger is no good reason for an immediate dissolution of the Union. It is true that the territorial legislature of Kansas, on the 23d of February, 1860, passed in great haste an act, over the veto of the Governor, declaring that slavery "is, and shall be, forever prohibited in this Territory." Such an act, however, plainly violating the rights of property secured by the Constitution, will surely be declared void by the judiciary whenever it shall be presented in a legal form.

Only three days after my inauguration, the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly adjudged that this power did not exist in a territorial legislature. Yet such has been the factious temper of the times that the correctness of this decision has been extensively impugned before the people, and the question has given rise to angry political conflicts throughout the country. Those who have appealed from this judgment of our highest constitutional tribunal to popular assemblies would, if they could, invest a territorial legislature with power to annul the sacred rights of property. This power Congress is expressly forbidden by the Federal Constitution to exercise.

Every State legislature in the Union is forbidden by its own constitution to exercise it. It cannot be exercised in any State except by the people in their highest sovereign capacity when framing or amending their State constitution. In like manner, it can only be exercised by the people of a Territory represented in a convention of delegates for the purpose of framing a constitution preparatory to admission as a State into the Union. Then, and not until then, are they invested with power to decide the question whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits. This is an act of sovereign authority, and not of subordinate territorial legislation. Were it otherwise, then indeed would the equality of the States in the Territories be destroyed, and the rights of property in slaves would depend, not upon the guarantees of the Constitution, but upon the shifting majorities of an irresponsible territorial legislature. Such a doctrine, from its intrinsic unsoundness, cannot long influence any considerable portion of our people, much less can it afford a good reason for a dissolution of the Union.

The most palpable violations of constitutional duty which have yet been committed, consist in the acts of different State legislatures to defeat the execution of the fugitive slave law. It ought to be remembered, however, that for these acts, neither Congress nor any President can justly be held responsible. Having been passed in violation of the Federal Constitution, they are, therefore, null and void. All the courts, both State and national, before whom the question has arisen, have from the beginning declared the fugitive slave law to be constitutional. The single exception is that of a State court in Wisconsin, and this has not only been reversed by the proper appellate tribunal, but has met with such universal reprobation that there can be no danger from it as a precedent. The validity of this law has been established over and over again by the Supreme Court of the United States with perfect unanimity. It is founded upon an express provision of the Constitution, requiring that fugitive slaves who escape from service in one State to another shall be "delivered up" to their masters.

Without this provision it is a well known historical fact that the Constitution itself could never have been adopted by the Convention. In one form or other under the acts of 1793 and 1850, both being substantially the same, the fugitive slave-law has been the law of the land from the days of Washington until the present moment. Here, then, a clear case is presented, in which it will be the duty of the next President, as it has been my own, to act with vigor in executing this supreme law against the conflicting enactments of State legislatures. Should he fail in the performance of this high duty, he will then have manifested a disregard of the Constitution and laws, to the great injury of the people of nearly one-half of the States of the Union.

But are we to presume in advance that he will thus violate his duty? This would be at war with every principle of justice and of Christian charity. Let us wait for the overt act. The fugitive slave law has been carried into execution in every contested case since the commencement of the present administration; though often it is to be regretted, with great loss and inconvenience to the master, and with considerable expense to the government. Let us trust that the State legislatures will repeal their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments. Unless this shall be done without unnecessary delay, it is impossible for any human power to save the Union.

The Southern States, standing on the basis of the Constitution, have a right to demand this act of justice from the States of the North. Should it be refused, then the Constitution, to which all the States are parties, will have been wilfully violated by one portion of them in a provision essential to the domestic security and happiness of the remainder. In that event, the injured States, after having first used all peaceful and constitutional means to obtain redress, would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the Government of the Union.

I have purposely confined my remarks to revolutionary resistance, because it has been claimed within the last few years that any State, whenever this shall be its sovereign will and pleasure, may secede from the Union, in accordance with the Constitution, and without any violation of the constitutional rights of the other members of the Confederacy. That as each became parties to the Union by the vote of its own people assembled in Convention, so any one of them may retire from the Union in a similar manner by the vote of such a convention.

In order to justify secession as a constitutional remedy it must be on the principle that the Federal Government is a mere voluntary association of States, to be dissolved at pleasure by any one of the contracting parties. If this be so, the Confederacy is a rope of sand, to be penetrated and dissolved by the first adverse wave of public opinion in any of the States. In this manner our thirty-three States may resolve themselves into as many petty, jarring, and hostile republics, each one retiring from the Union, without responsibility, whenever any sudden excitement might impel them to such a course. By this process a Union might be entirely broken into fragments in a few weeks, which cost our forefathers many years of toil, privation, and blood to establish.

Such a principle is wholly inconsistent with the history as well as the character of the Federal Constitution. After it was framed, with the greatest deliberation and care, it was submitted to conventions of the people of the several States for ratification. Its provisions were discussed at length in these bodies, composed of the first men of the country. Its opponents contended that it conferred powers upon the Federal Government dangerous to the rights of the States, whilst its advocates maintained that under a fair construction of the instrument there was no foundation for such apprehensions. In that mighty struggle between the first intellects of this or any other country, it never occurred to any individual, either among its opponents or advocates, to assert, or even to intimate, that their efforts were all vain labor, because the moment that any State felt herself aggrieved she might secede from the Union.

What a crushing argument would this have proved against those who dreaded that the rights of the States would be endangered by the Constitution. The truth is, that it was not until many years after the origin of the Federal Government that such a proposition was first advanced. It was then met and refuted by the conclusive arguments of General Jackson, who in his message of 16th January, 1833, transmitting the nullifying ordinance of South Carolina to Congress, employs the following language:—"The right of the people of a single State to absolve themselves at will, and without the consent of the other States, from their most solemn obligations, and hazard the liberty and happiness of the millions composing this Union, cannot be acknowledged. Such authority is believed to be utterly repugnant both to the principles upon which the General Government is constituted and to the objects which it was expressly formed to attain."

It is not pretended that any clause in the Constitution gives countenance to such a theory. It is altogether founded upon inference, not from any language contained in the instrument itself, but from the sovereign character of the several States by which it was ratified. But is it beyond the power of a State, like an individual, to yield a portion of its sovereign rights to secure the remainder? In the language of Mr. Madison, who has been called the father of the Constitution: "It was formed by the States—that is, by the people in each of the States, acting in their highest sovereign capacity; and formed consequently by the same authority which formed the State constitutions.

"Nor is the Government of the United States, created by the Constitution, less a Government in the strict sense of the term, within the sphere of its powers, than the governments created by the constitutions of the States are, within their several spheres. It is, like them, organized into legislative, executive, and judiciary departments. It operates, like them, directly on persons and things; and, like them, it has at command a physical force for executing the powers committed to it."

It was intended to be perpetual, and not to be annulled at the pleasure of any one of the contracting parties. The old articles of confederation were entitled "Articles of Confederation an Perpetual Union between the States;" and by the 13th article it is expressly declared that "the articles of this Confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual." The preamble to the Constitution of the United States, having express reference to the articles of Confederation, recites that it was established "in order to form a more perfect union." And yet it is contended that this "more perfect union" does not include the essential attribute of perpetuity.

But that the Union was designed to be perpetual appears conclusively from the nature and extent of the powers conferred by the Constitution on the Federal Government. These powers embrace the very highest attributes of national sovereignty. They place both the sword and the purse under its control. Congress has power to make war, and to make peace; to raise and support armies and navies, and to conclude treaties with foreign governments. It is invested with the power to coin money, and to regulate the value thereof, and to regulate commerce with foreign nations, and among the several States. It is not necessary to enumerate the other high powers which have been conferred upon the Federal Government. In order to carry the enumerated powers into effect, Congress possesses the exclusive right to lay and collect duties on imports, and in common with the States to lay and collect all other taxes.

But the Constitution has not only conferred these high powers upon Congress, but has adopted effectual means to restrain the States from interfering with their exercise. For that purpose it has, in strong, prohibitory language, expressly declared that "no State shall enter into any treaty, alliance, or confederation; grant letters of marque and reprisal; coin money; emit bills of credit; make anything but gold and silver coin a tender in payment of debts; pass any bill of attainder, *ex post facto*, law, or law impairing the obligation of contracts. Moreover, "without the consent of Congress, no State shall lay any imposts or duties on any imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws;" and if they exceed this amount, the excess shall belong to the United States.

And "no State shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any duty of tonnage, keep troops, or ships of war, in time of peace; enter into any agreement or compact with another State, or with a foreign power; or engage in war, unless actually invaded, or in such imminent danger as will not admit of delay."

In order still further to secure the uninterrupted exercise of these high powers against State interposition, it is provided "that this Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

The solemn sanction of religion has been superadded to the obligations of official duty, and all Senators and Representatives of the United States, and all members of State legislatures, and all Executive and Judicial officers, "both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution."

In order to carry into effect these powers, the Constitution has established a perfect Government in all its forms, Legislative, Executive, and Judicial; and this Government, to the extent of its powers, acts directly upon the individual citizens of every State, and executes its own decrees by the agency of its own officers.

In this respect it differs entirely from the Government under the old Confederation which was confined to making requisitions on the States in their sovereign character. This left it in the discretion of each whether to obey or to refuse, and they often declined to comply with such requisitions. It thus became necessary, for the purpose of removing this barrier, and "in order to form a more perfect Union," to establish a Government which could act directly upon the people, and execute its own laws without the intermediate agency of the States. This has been accomplished by the Constitution of the United States.

In short, the Government created by the Constitution, and deriving its authority from the sovereign people of each of the several States, has precisely the same right to exercise its power over the people of all these States, in the enumerated cases, that each one of them possesses over subjects not delegated to the United States, but "reserved to the States, respectively, or to the people."

To the extent of the delegated powers the Constitution of the United States is as much a part of the constitution of each State, and is as binding upon its people, as though it had been textually inserted therein.

This Government, therefore, is a great and powerful Government, invested with all the attributes of sovereignty over the special subjects to which its authority extends. Its framers never intended to implant in its bosom the seeds of its own destruction, nor were they at its creation guilty of the absurdity of providing for its own dissolution. It was not intended by its framers to be the baseless fabric of a vision which, at the touch of the enchanter, would vanish into thin air, but a substantial and mighty fabric, capable of resisting the slow decay of time and of defying the storms of ages.

Indeed, well may the jealous patriots of that day have indulged fears that a government of such high powers might violate the reserved rights of the States, and wisely did they adopt the rule of a strict construction of these powers to prevent the danger! But they did not fear, nor had they any reason to imagine, that the Constitution would ever be so interpreted as to enable any State, by her own act, and without the consent of her sister States, to discharge her people from all or any of their Federal obligations.

It may be asked, then, are the people of the States without redress against the tyranny and oppression of the Federal Government? By no means. The right of resistance on the part of the governed against the oppression of their governments cannot be denied. It exists independently of all constitutions, and has been exercised at all periods of the world's history. Under it old governments have been destroyed, and new ones have taken their place. It is embodied in strong and expressive language in our own Declaration of Independence. But the distinction must ever be observed, that this is revolution against an established Government, and not a voluntary secession from it by virtue of an inherent constitutional right. In short, let us look the danger fairly in the face: Secession is neither more nor less than revolution. It may, or it may not be, a justifiable revolution, but still it is revolution.

What, in the mean time, is the responsibility and true position of the Executive? He is bound by solemn oath before God and the country "to take care that the laws be faithfully executed," and from this obligation he cannot be absolved by any human power. But what if the performance of this duty, in whole or in part, has been rendered impracticable by events over which he could have exercised no control? Such, at the present moment, is the case throughout the State of South Carolina, so far as the laws of the United States to secure the administration of justice by means of the Federal Judiciary are concerned. All the Federal officers within its limits, through whose agency alone these laws can be carried into execution, have already resigned. We no longer have a district judge, a district attorney, or a marshal, in South Carolina. In fact, the whole machinery of the Federal Government, necessary for the distribution of remedial justice among the people, has been demolished; and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to replace it.

The only acts of Congress on the statute-book, bearing upon this subject, are those of the 28th February, 1795, and 3d March, 1807. These authorize the President, after he shall have ascertained that the marshal with his *posse comitatus* is unable to execute civil or criminal process in any particular case, to call forth the militia and employ the army and navy to aid him in performing this service, having first by Proclamation commanded the insurgents "to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within a limited time." This duty cannot by possibility be performed in a State where no judicial authority exists to issue process, and where there is no marshal to execute it, and where, even if there were such an officer, the entire population would constitute one solid combination to resist him.

The bare enumeration of these provisions proves how inadequate they are without further legislation to overcome a united opposition in a single State, not to speak of other States who may place themselves in a similar attitude. Congress alone has power to decide whether the present laws can or cannot be amended so as to carry out more effectually the objects of the Constitution.

The same insuperable obstacles do not lie in the way of executing the laws for the collection of the customs. The revenue still continues to be collected, as heretofore, at the custom-house in Charleston; and should the collector unfortunately resign, a successor may be appointed to perform this duty.

Then in regard to the property of the United States in South Carolina. This has been purchased for a fair equivalent, "by the consent of the legislature of the State," "for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals," &c., and over these the authority "to exercise exclusive legislation" has been expressly granted by the Constitution to Congress. It is not believed that any attempt will be made to expel the United States from this property by force; but if in this I should prove to be mistaken, the officer in command of the forts has received orders to act strictly on the defensive. In such a contingency, the responsibility for consequences would rightfully rest upon the heads of the assailants.

Apart from the execution of the laws, so far as this may be practicable, the Executive has no authority to decide what shall be the relations between the federal government and South Carolina. He has been invested with no such discretion.—He possesses no power to change the relations heretofore existing between them, much less to acknowledge the independence of that State. This would be to invest a mere Executive officer with the power of recognizing the dissolution of the Confederacy among our thirty-three sovereign States. It bears no resemblance to the recognition of a foreign *de facto* government, involving no such responsibility.

Any attempt to do this would, on his part, be a naked act of usurpation. It is, therefore, my duty to submit to Congress the whole question in all its bearings. The course of events is so rapidly hastening forward, that the emergency may soon arise, when you may be called upon to decide the momentous question, whether you possess the power, by force of arms, to compel a State to remain in the Union. I should feel myself recreant to my duty were I not to express an opinion on this important subject.

The question fairly stated is:—Has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to force a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw or has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to declare and to make war against a State. After much serious reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the Federal Government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the Constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not "necessary and proper for carrying into execution" any one of those powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the convention which framed the Constitution.

It appears, from the proceedings of that body that on the 31st May, 1787, the clause "*authorizing an exertion of the force of the whole against a delinquent State*" came up for consideration. Mr. Madison opposed it in a brief but powerful speech, from which I shall extract but a single sentence. He observed: "The use of force against a State would look more like a declaration of war than an infliction of punishment; and would probably be considered by the party attacked as a dissolution of all previous compacts by which it might be bound." Upon his motion the clause was unanimously postponed, and was never I believe again presented. Soon afterwards, on the 8th June, 1787, when incidentally adverting to the subject, he said: "Any Government for the United States, formed on the supposed practicability of using force against the unconstitutional proceedings of the States, would prove as visionary and fallacious as the government of Congress," evidently meaning the then existing Congress of the old Confederation.

Without descending to particulars, it may be safely asserted that the power to make war against a State is at variance with the whole spirit and intent of the Constitution. Suppose such a war should result in the conquest of a State, how are we to govern it afterwards? Shall we hold it as a province, and govern it by despotic power? In the nature of things we could not, by physical force, control the will of the people, and compel them to elect Senators and Representatives to Congress, and to perform all the other duties depending upon their own volition, and required from the free citizens of a free State as a constituent member of the Confederacy.

But, if we possessed this power, would it be wise to exercise it under existing circumstances? The object would doubtless be to preserve the Union. War would not only present the most effectual means of destroying it; but would banish all hope of its peaceable reconstruction. Besides, in the fraternal conflict a vast amount of blood and treasure would be expended, rendering future reconciliation between the States impossible. In the meantime, who can foretell what would be the sufferings and privations of the people during its existence?

The fact is, that our Union rests upon public opinion, and can never be cemented by the blood of its citizens shed in civil war. If it cannot live in the affections of the people, it must one day perish. Congress possesses many means of preserving it by conciliation; but the sword was not placed in their hand to preserve it by force.

But may I be permitted solemnly to invoke my countrymen to pause and deliberate, before they determine to destroy this, the grandest temple which has ever been dedicated to human freedom since the world began? It has been consecrated by the blood of our fathers, by the glories of the past, and by the hopes of the future. The Union has already made us the most prosperous and, ere long, will, if preserved, render us the most powerful nation on the face of the earth.

In every foreign region of the globe the title of American citizen is held in the highest respect, and when pronounced in a foreign land it causes the hearts of our countrymen to swell with honest pride. Surely when we reach the brink of the yawning abyss, we shall recoil with horror from the last fatal plunge. By such a dread catastrophe the hopes of the friends of freedom throughout the world would be destroyed, and a long night of leaden despotism would enshroud the nations.—Our example for more than eighty years would not only be lost; but it would be quoted as a conclusive proof that man is unfit for self-government.

It is not every wrong—nay, it is not every grievous wrong—which can justify a resort to such a fearful alternative. This ought to be the last desperate remedy of a despairing people, after every other constitutional means of conciliation had been exhausted. We should reflect that under this free Government there is an incessant ebb and flow in public opinion. The slavery question, like everything human, will have its day. I firmly believe that it has already reached and passed the culminating point. But if, in the midst of the existing excitement, the Union shall perish, the evil may then become irreparable. Congress can contribute much to avert it by proposing and recommending to the legislatures of the several States the remedy for existing evils, which the Constitution has itself provided for its own preservation.

This has been tried at different critical periods of our history, and always with eminent success. It is to be found in the 5th article providing for its own amendment. Under this article amendments have been proposed by two-thirds of both houses of Congress, and have been "ratified by the legislatures of three-fourths of the several States," and have consequently become parts of the Constitution. To this process the country is indebted for the clause prohibiting Congress from passing any law respecting an establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or of the right of petition. To this we are, also, indebted for the Bill of Rights, which secures the people against any abuse of power by the Federal Government. Such were the apprehensions justly entertained by the friends of State rights at that period as to have rendered it extremely doubtful whether the Constitution could have long survived without these amendments.

Again, the Constitution was amended by the same process after the election of President Jefferson by the House of Representatives, in February, 1803. This amendment was rendered necessary to prevent a recurrence of the dangers which had seriously threatened the existence of the Government during the pendency of that election. The article for its own amendment was intended to secure the amicable adjustment of conflicting constitutional questions like the present, which might arise between the governments of the States and that of the United States. This appears from contemporaneous history. In this connection, I shall merely call attention to a few sentences in Mr. Madison's justly celebrated report, in 1799, to the legislature of Virginia. In this he ably and conclusively defended the resolutions of the preceding legislature against the strictures of several other State legislatures.

These were mainly founded upon the protest of the Virginia Legislature against the "Alien and Sedition Acts," as "palpable and alarming infractions of the Constitution." In pointing out the peaceful and constitutional remedies, and he referred to none other, to which the States were authorized to resort, on such occasions, he concludes by saying, "that the Legislatures of the States might have made a direct representation to Congress with a view to obtain a rescinding of the two offensive acts, or they might have represented to their respective Senators in Congress their wish that two-thirds thereof would propose an explanatory amendment to the Constitution, or two-thirds of themselves, if such had been their option, might, by an application to Congress, have obtained a convention for the same object."

This is the very course which I earnestly recommend in order to obtain an "explanatory amendment" of the Constitution on the subject of slavery. This might originate with Congress or the State legislatures, as may be deemed most advisable to attain the object.

The explanatory amendment might be confined to the final settlement of the true construction of the Constitution on three special points:—

1. An express recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.

2. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without slavery, as their constitutions may prescribe.

3. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and "delivered up" to him, and of the validity of the fugitive slave law enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and are consequently null and void.

It may be objected that this construction of the Constitution has already been settled by the Supreme Court of the United States, and what more ought to be required? The answer is, that a very large proportion of the people of the United States still contest the correctness of this decision, and never will cease from agitation and admit its binding force until clearly established by the people of the several States in their sovereign character. Such an explanatory amendment would, it is believed, forever terminate the existing dissensions and restore peace and harmony among the States.

It ought not to be doubted that such an appeal to the arbitrament established by the Constitution itself would be received with favor by all the States of the Confederacy. In any event it ought to be tried in a spirit of conciliation before any of these States shall separate themselves from the Union.

When I entered upon the duties of the presidential office, the aspect neither of our foreign nor domestic affairs was at all satisfactory. We were involved in dangerous complications with several nations, and two of our Territories were in a state of revolution against the Government. A restoration of the African slave trade had numerous and powerful advocates. Unlawful military expeditions were countenanced by many of our citizens, and were suffered, in defiance of the efforts of the Government, to escape from our shores, for the purpose of making war upon the unoffending people of neighboring republics with whom we were at peace.

In addition to these and other difficulties, we experienced a revulsion in monetary affairs, soon after my advent to power, of unexampled severity and of ruinous consequences to all the great interests of the country. When we take a retrospect of what was then our condition and contrast this with its material prosperity at the time of the late presidential election, we have abundant reason to return our grateful thanks to that merciful Providence which has never forsaken us as a nation in all our past trials.

☞ A London court has decided that an actor is not a "laborer." Of course not; he's "no work and all play."

☞ The only State of the Union ruled over by a special Providence—Rhode Island.

☞ He who asks no questions is queer but he who asks many questions is the querist.

☞ The vine bears three kinds of grapes: the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance.

☞ A parson named Owen Moore, once left his creditors somewhat unceremoniously, upon which a wag wrote—

Owen Moore has run away,
Owin' more than he can pay.

☞ "That's very singular," said a young lady to a gentleman who had just kissed her. "Oh, well, my dear Miss, I will soon make it plural."

☞ When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

ANOTHER "GIFT" ARRANGEMENT.

The reader probably remembers the Kendig Gift Enterprise Scheme, broken up a few days ago by detectives Bartholomew and Franklin. When Kendig was sent to prison, he informed the officers that twenty more swindling concerns were in existence, and that if the proprietors did not come to his aid he would blow them out of water. Kendig has since obtained bail, while the detectives, acting upon the hint thus communicated, have since been directing their attention to some of the "twenty swindles" alluded to by Kendig.

Yesterday afternoon, on complaint of a Mr. Henry Boyer, of Port Clinton, Pa., a warrant was issued for the arrest of two men doing business under the firm of C. S. Colbert & Co., opposite the auction rooms of Messrs. Thomas & Sons, in Fourth street, below Chesnut. The affidavit of Mr. Boyer complains that he was defrauded by the firm to the amount of $19. The bait at which Mr. Boyer nibbled was a circular, offering a list of 100,000 articles, worth $300,000, to be distributed among the buyers of "our golden pens," at 30 cents per box. The highest premium was to be $100, the lowest $2. We have not space to print the circular entire, but a more promising affair isn't easy to find.

Detectives Bartholomew and Franklin visited the office in Fourth street, and seized a large lot of bogus jewelry, trashy books, envelopes, several thousand letters and other material. They piled them all into a furniture wagon and brought them to the Central Station. F. Carroll Brewster and Wm. L. Hirst appeared for their defence, and Wm. B. Mann, Esq., represented the people. Mr. Boyer testified that he had purchased $18 worth of "golden pens" and a hundred certificates, for which he was to receive a gold watch. As the watch didn't come he applied to the magistrate, who issued a warrant for their arrest. The parties, after speeches by both counsel, were held in $2,000 each, which was promptly given.

A number of letters were read, some denouncing the firm as swindling. One was from a man who had received a gold (?) watch as a present, but had not received the goods sent for. He now complains of the watch being a brass one, and wishes to know if they will guarantee it gold.

A jeweller was next called for the purpose of giving some estimate of the value of the goods. He testified that the value of the breastpins and ear-rings was about fifty cents per set; the chains are worth about seventy-five cents each; they are not gold, but are made "down East."

As a sample of this peculiar business, we annex a couple of the circulars sent with their prospectuses.

On receipt of this card and $1, and if by mail the addition of fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will sell you one Lava Pin, $5. C. S. Colbert & Co., 138 south Fourth street, opposite Thomas' auction house, Philadelphia.
Write your name and address fully and legibly.

Special—Should you succeed in raising a club who will send the money to us for

50 boxes golden Pens and the articles called for by 50 certificates.	100 boxes golden Pens and the articles called for by 100 certificates.

We will present you with
A silver watch. | A gold watch.
Irrespective of whatever may be obtained on our certificates by your friends.

On receipt of this card and $1, and if by mail the addition of fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will sell you one Garnet Set, 7.00. C. S. Colbert & Co., 138 south Fourth street, opposite Thomas & Sons' auction house, Philadelphia.
Write your name and address fully and legibly.

All goods may be returned, if in good order, within ten days after purchase, and the money will be refunded.

That the fools are not yet all dead, is shown in the variety of letters seized by the police.—*Philada. North American and Inquirer.*

ANOTHER RICH MAN CUTS OFF HIS DAUGHTER FOR MARRYING WITHOUT HIS CONSENT.—Hurtis Skidmore, of New York, worth nearly half a million dollars, recently deceased, left a will bequeathing one hundred dollars to his daughter, and the remainder of his property to his son. In 1850 the family of Mr. Skidmore consisted of a wife, son, and daughter. The daughter, Marian L., was wooed and won by Simon Camacho, at that time Venezuelan Consul, and now Secretary of Legation of Venezuela, under Gen. Paez. Mr. Skidmore was opposed to the match, and the daughter married without his consent. During his lifetime the parties were not reconciled. Mrs. Skidmore, however, who has since died, relented, and became friendly to her daughter, but the hostile feeling of the father was unchangeable. The will is to be contested.

MERCANTILE INTEGRITY.—Seventy merchants of Columbus, Georgia, have united in publishing the following card:—"The undersigned, merchants of Columbus, amid the discord and confusion that are distracting the public mind—politically and commercially—beg leave to express our adherence to those principles which alone can sustain us under the shock. Hence we are utterly opposed to anything like stay laws, or any measures having for their object any release from, or abatement of our obligations as debtors at home or abroad. Such a step would destroy all credit abroad and annul all confidence at home. We must have good laws, and as sound a currency as our neighbors, and we will trust to a common sympathy for all else we need."

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—A correspondent of a London paper, speaking of the visit to England of Eugenie, says: "I hear that the low spirited state in which the Empress has been since the death of her sister renders her more than ever accessible to priestly influence, and that being unable to persuade the Emperor to set the Pope on his legs, she wishes to be out of the way, in order the more completely to wash her hands of all responsibility for the events that are likely to occur in Rome."

THE State Department has received a despatch from Minister Ward, stating that England and France have concluded a treaty with China. The combined forces advanced within twelve miles of Pekin. The Emperor at first refused to attach his seal, but finally yielded to the demand.

☞ A man one day found a light guinea, which he was obliged to sell for eighteen shillings. Next day he saw another guinea lying in the street. "No, no," says he, "I'll have nothing to do with you, I lost three shillings by your brother yesterday."

☞ Prince Alfred, the younger brother of the Prince of Wales, has had a merry time in the Island of Madeira, with plenty of oranges and no Orangemen to bother him.

☞ HOW THE CHINESE MANAGE THEIR DEITIES.—After a long period of wet weather, when they have prayed vainly for relief, they put the gods out in the rain, *to see how they like it.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
H. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St. N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HUNT & MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth Street, Pittsburgh.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 26 West 6th St., Cincinnati, O.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHNSON & TREANOR, Nashville, Tenn.
E. SEMON, Richmond, Va.
MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
J. C. MORGAN & CO., New Orleans, La.
GRAY & CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Mo.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE State Bank and the Bank of South Carolina, and the St. Louis banks have suspended specie payments. Also the Tennessee ones.

PURCHASE OF CORN.—The National Council of the Choctaw Indians has passed an ordinance to purchase 65,000 bushels of corn for the relief of such of their people as are suffering by reason of the severe drought of last summer.

DUELLING IN RUSSIA.—Duelling is not evidently held in much esteem in Russia. Prince Gortschakoff, a lieutenant in the regiment of lifeguard dragoons, attached to the army of the Caucasus, and Captain Schak, of the staff, have been degraded by a council of war and reduced to the ranks—the former for having killed Lieutenant Baron Vitingoff in a duel, and the other for acting as second in the encounter.

A PRINTER'S EXEMPTION BILL.—In the Vermont Legislature, a bill has been offered to exempt from attachment a printer's outfit, not to exceed $1,200.

TO PAPER MANUFACTURERS.—Since the introduction of envelopes, the outside leaf of most letters and notes is useless and wasted. People generally, to avoid the appearance of meanness, use a whole sheet, when a half one would answer every purpose. What is wanted to remedy the evil is, that paper manufacturers should manufacture letter and note paper in substantial half sheets; also, a stamp might be put in the centre of the sheet, at the top, instead of on the corner as is now done, so as to distinguish it from the whole sheet.—*Scientific American.*

STRAW PAPER.—Specimens of the new paper for printing, invented in Austria, and made entirely from maize straw, have reached Paris. The advantage in cheapness is more than one half. Some of the specimens are said to be very fine.

FREE NEGROES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Charleston Mercury publishes a bill which is to be brought before the Legislature of South Carolina, proclaiming all free negroes to be slaves on and after the 1st of January, to be sold at public auction, and the proceeds to be applied to the tax funds of the various counties. The Mercury expresses its strong opposition to the proposed measure.

A FRENCH paper says that recently, as a sportsman was shooting in a forest in its department, two hares suddenly rose in opposite directions, and ran toward each other. He waited coolly until they were on the point of crossing, when he fired and killed them both.

THE Southern Commercial Convention, which adjourned at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 13th of May, 1859, to meet in Augusta, Ga., on Monday, November 12th, has finally given up the ghost. Not a delegate attended.

A VICTIM OF REMORSE.—Owen Norment, the bar-tender, who, some time since, shot young Tittermary, at a tavern in North Carolina, has given himself up to the authorities of that State. When he committed the act, Norment was a man of large physique and in full flesh. From the effects of sleepless remorse, he is now reduced to a skeleton.

A PROFITABLE ARTICLE.—The income to the French Government from tobacco, nearly one half of which is from the United States and Cuba, was, last year, about $36,000,000.

DEATH OF A VERY LARGE MAN.—The Cincinnati (Ohio) papers record the death of Jackson Thorpe, probably one of the fleshiest men in the United States. He weighed at one time 410 pounds, and for three years past has not weighed less than 360 pounds.

A FRENCH chemist recently burned the body of a deceased friend, extracted from it the iron contained in the blood, and had it made into a finger ring, which he wears as a memento of the dead.

THE TALLEST MAN IN KENTUCKY.—The Hopkinsville Press says that, so far as it has any knowledge, Mr. John M. Baker, of Burnsville, Caldwell county, is the tallest man in Kentucky. He stands seven feet eight inches in his boots, weighs two hundred and forty pounds, and is twenty-eight years old.

THE effect of climate on the human system is shown in a striking manner by the inhabitants of Australia, who, in the course of two or three generations, lose the corpulence characteristic of Englishmen, and become a tall, gaunt, raw-boned race, like the inhabitants of our Southern States.

TOBACCO FORBIDDEN IN FRENCH COLLEGES.—The Minister of Public Instruction has received so many complaints respecting the use of tobacco and cigars by the students in the French colleges, and the injurious effects of the weed on their physical and mental development, that he is said to be about to interdict the use of tobacco, in any form, in the educational establishments of France.

SHELL-FISH ROPE MAKERS.—Mussel shell-fish fasten themselves to piers with a material resembling coarse silk, which resists the force of the most powerful waves. The French engineers at Cherbourg have availed themselves of this faculty of the mussel to bind their great breakwaters. These consist of loose masses of stone, and on them were planted several tons of this shell fish, that they might bind all firmly together with their strong cordage; in this they have succeeded.

THE recent fugitive slave excitement in Chicago grew out of the arrest of a negress who had escaped from Nebraska territory, and therefore involves a new point, as the Constitution provides for the return of a slave escaping from a State, and no judicial construction has yet been given to the statute as to its effect upon a slave escaping from a territory.—*Louisville Journal.*

MRS. LINCOLN.—Will it not seem strange to our readers, says the Charlottesville (Virginia) Review, to hear that Mrs. Lincoln is a pro-slavery woman? Yet we were recently informed by a gentleman, who is a near relative of hers, and who is himself from a slave State, that such is the fact. He knew her in Kentucky, where they both formerly lived, and on seeing her some two weeks since, he asked her if she had modified the opinions she formerly entertained in favor of the institution? She replied she had not; that, on the contrary, her convictions in favor of it had strengthened since her residence in Illinois.

DELIGHTED WITH THE PROSPECT.—The Mormons, it is said, are delighted with the prospect of a dissolution of the Union, and Brigham Young takes great credit to himself for having prophesied it.

FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE.—On Sunday, the 18th of November, John Lytle and Mary Jane Spooner were married at Chicago, Illinois, and next day started for their home in Minnesota. On their way from La Crosse, Wis., the husband fell overboard, and was drowned, in spite of every effort to save him; and the happy bride of a few hours before returned to her home a disconsolate widow.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market for breadstuffs generally has been dull and unsettled, the sales of Flour reaching some 6,000 bbls, part taken for shipment, at $4,75@5 for common and good superfine, $5@5.12½ for extras, mostly at the former rate for Western, and $5,25@5,50 ₱ bbl for family, including fancy lots taken by the trade, at from $5,75 to $6,50 ₱ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour is lower, and selling in a small way, at $3,87@4 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is lower, but Pennsylvania Meal is offered at $3,25@3,37½ without finding buyers, the demand for it being very small; a sale of 300 bbls Brandywine was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN.—The receipts and stocks of Wheat are light; sales 25,000 bushels, in lots, part for export, at 115@120c for common to good and prime Western and Pennsylvania Reds; 120@125c for Southern do, the latter afloat, and 125 to 140c for White of fair to good and strictly prime quality, in store. Rye is dull, and a small business only to note at 75@76c for Pennsylvania, and 70c for Southern; the receipts are light. Corn comes in slowly, and the market is better, with sales of 20,000 bus, mostly old Southern Yellow to note, at 64@65½c for prime lots, and 67@69c for White, which is scarce. New Corn is in fair demand at 58@56c, as to condition. Oats are unchanged, and about 18,000 bus found buyers at 31@33½c for Southern, as in quality, chiefly at 32½@33c, afloat, and 34c for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—The market for the hog product generally, is almost at a stand still. Mess selling in a small way at $18½ ₱ bbl. Beef is dull, with small sales of city packed at $12@14 ₱ bbl, as to brand. Bacon moves as wanted at 12@13c for city cured Hams, 11@11½c for Sides, and 9@9½c for Shoulders. Green Meats are very quiet; we quote nominally at 10@11c for Hams in salt and pickle; Sides at 9@9½c, and Shoulders at 7½@8c ₱ lb. Lard is dull and a small business doing in city packed at about 12c. Roll Butter is scarce, and prime commands 17@18c; packed is but little inquired for and held at 10½@11c ₱ lb, without sales. Cheese—No change, and prices range at 10@11c ₱ lb. Eggs continue dull at 20c ₱ doz.

COTTON.—The market has been very inactive. The week's sales only reach some 600 bales, at from 5 up to 12c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and 4 mos, mostly of the former description.

BARK.—The receipts and stocks of Quercitron are light, and the prices rather lower, with sales of about 100 hhds to note in small lots, on arrival, at $26 for 1st No 1, at which rate there is a steady demand. In Tanners' Bark there is nothing doing.

COAL.—The market is quiet; there is very little demand to go east; prices are steady, with a fair business doing to supply the home trade.

COFFEE.—The stock has been increased by the arrival of a cargo of Laguayra, some 500 bags of which have been disposed of at 14c, usual terms. Of Rio the sales have been limited to a few small lots received from a neighboring market at 12@14c, on time.

COPPER is but little inquired for, and both Sheathing and Yellow Metal are very quiet at quotations.

FEATHERS are unchanged, and a small business doing at 48@50c for Western.

FRUIT is plenty and dull at $1@2,50 ₱ bbl for Green Apples; 3½@4c ₱ lb for Dried do; 6@8c for Unpared Peaches; 10@12c for Pared do, and $6@12 ₱ bbl for Cranberries, as to quality.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HIDES.—There is very little demand for any kind, and prices are nominally unchanged, the dealers buying in a small way only.

HOGS are inactive, new crop Eastern and Western selling in a small way at 5½@5½c ₱ lb.

IRON.—The market is steady, but there is no movement in Pig Metal, the sales being in a small way only at $23 for Anthracite No 1, and $23 for No 2, on time. No change in Scotch Pig. Blooms and Boiler Plates continue dull, and in Rails and Bars the sales are limited, and prices about the same.

LEAD.—We hear of no movement in the market worthy of notice.

LEATHER.—The demand for all kinds is limited, but good stock is well held and firm.

LUMBER continues dull, and White Pine Boards move off as wanted at $16@17. Yellow Sap sell slowly at $14@15. Hemlock raft Lumber is selling at from $7,25 to 8 ₱ M. Laths are more plenty, but generally held above the views of buyers.

MOLASSES is not much inquired for, and a few small lots Cuba and New Orleans have been disposed of at about previous rates.

PLASTER is but little inquired for and dull. The last sale of soft was made at $2,75 ₱ ton.

RICE.—The demand is limited, and the sales in a small way at 3¾@4¼ ₱ lb, on the usual terms.

SEEDS.—The receipts of Clover seed have fallen off; the week's sales include about 2,000 bus, in lots, at $5,25@5,50, and since at $5,75@6 ₱ bus. Timothy is quiet at $2,50, and Domestic Flaxseed at $1,30@1,35 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS.—N. E. Rum is quiet at 32@34c. Whiskey is unsettled. Pennsylvania and Western bbls selling, to some extent, at 19@20c—former for second hand packages; Drudge at 19c, and hogsheads at 19½@20c.

SUGARS are dull and unsettled, and the sales confined to a few small lots of Cuba and Porto Rico, taken at from 6 to 7¾c, on the usual terms.

TALOW moves off as wanted at 9¼@9¾c for country, and 10¾c, on the usual terms.

TOBACCO.—The transactions have been limited, and prices about the same as last quoted.

WOOL.—The market has been very quiet this week, and the sales mostly in a small way at about previous quotations.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

Dec. 1.—FLOUR heavy; sales of 9500 bbls at $4,70@4,80 for State; $5,20@5,25 for Ohio; $5,00@5,40 for Southern. Wheat steady; sales of 25,000 bus at $1,12½@1,14 for Milwaukie Club. Corn steady; sales of 35,000 bus at 65c for mixed afloat. Pork heavy. Lard heavy. Whiskey dull at 19c.

THE STOCK MARKET:

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1 ₱		
" " '62	105	—
" " '67	103	—
" " '68	103	—
" 5 " coupon '74	103	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	96	97
" " new	104½	105
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	45	—
Allg'y City 6 pr ct,	65	75
" County	60	90
Penn 6 pr ct,	100	—
" 5 "	83½	—
Penn 6 "	—	98½
" 5 " coupon	—	82
Kentucky 6 pr ct,	—	104
Missouri	89½	—
Ohio " 1856	104	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct,	90½	91
Virginia "	91	91½
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 1872-5	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	127	132
Philadelphia	190	—
Far & Mec	—	75
Commercial	47½	—
N Liberty	62	—
Mechanics	75½	—
Southwark	90	—
N Township	98	—
Kensington	—	60
Girard	—	44
Western	89	—
Man & Mec	28	28
Commerce	—	30
Tradesman's	62	—
City	43½	—
Consolidation	71	75
Commonwealth	40	—
Corn Exchange	27	27½
Union bk	—	32
Germantown	—	20
Pittsburg, Pitt'lg	78	—
Exchange	—	56
Kentucky, Ky	97	—
Northern "	125	—
Louisville "	112	—
Farmers "	120	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	—	68
Planters "	—	60
N O Gas Light	—	—
Com & R R Bank, Vicksburg	7	7½
Washington Gas Light Co	29	34
Lehigh Zinc	7	—
New Creek	—	—
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins Co	17	20
N Libertas "	—	20
Southwark and Frankford R R	—	47½
Bonds	90	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR		
1st mort bonds	99½	101
2nd "	—	90
stock	57½	57½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1862	—	—
stock	—	121
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds '70	88	89
mort 6's '41	—	81½
" '55	74	74½
stock	47½	47½
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	79	92
stock	53	55
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	31½	—
6 pr ct loan, '60	90	91
Ches V R R '72	43	47
Tioga R R '71	—	93
Wilmn & Elmira 7's 1st mort	23½	25
2nd "	17	18½
stock	5	7
Catawissa	1	—
Beaver Meadow stock	56½	61
preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	9
6 pr ct loan	88	98
Phil Ger & Nor R R stock, div'd off	47½	48
6 pr ct loan	97	99
Mineral R R	60½	61½
Har & Lan R R stock	49	50
bonds '69	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	11	12½
Long Island R R stock	11½	12
bonds	83	85
Erie R R stock	34½	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	78½	—
Michigan Central	—	—
Illinois	65½	67
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	69	70
imp. 6 pr ct	80	—
stock	—	8½
preferred	—	2
Lehigh Nav stock	47½	48
mort 6 pr ct	101	102
scrip	21½	22
Morris Consol'd	10	10½
preferred	100	—
Ches & Del	43	—
bonds	—	87
Union	5	—
bonds	10	20
Sus & Tidewater	2	4
bonds, 1874	—	27

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Woodside, Burlington county, N. J., the residence of the bride's father, on the 21st ultimo, by Friends' ceremony, THOS. W. REED, to SARAH S. youngest daughter of Wm. H. Ellis, late of this city.

On the 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Chase, the Hon. GREEN ADAMS, of Kentucky, to Miss JOSEPHINE L. only daughter of John W. Stokes, Esq. of this city.

On the morning of the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. Berg, Mr. P. A. FREEMAN, of Morristown, N. J. to Miss LIDA LEE, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, the 28th ultimo, by the Rev. John P. Lundy, MORTON LEWIS, to SARAH, daughter of the late Benj. Warner, of this city.

On the 30th of Oct. by the Rev. Jas. E. Meredith, W. F. MISKEY, Jr. of this city, to MARGARET M. GREGG, of Burlington, N. J.

At Guelph, Canada West, Nov. 21st, HENRY W. PETERSON, Esq. to EMMA, youngest daughter of John G. Grange, Esq.

On the 8th ultimo, at Friends' Meeting, in Woodstown, N. J., MARK JENNESS, of Burlington, to SARAH A. daughter of the late Anthony Taylor, of Gloucester county.

In this city, on Tuesday, 27th ultimo, by the Rev. Albert Barnes, Rev. HENRY S. OSBORN, to SUSAN PAULINE, daughter of G. H. Coursen, Esq. of New York.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 27th ultimo, Mrs. RACHEL ANNA, wife of Chas. Brechemin, in her 29th year.

On the morning of the 27th ultimo, of typhoid fever, DAVID ELLIS, in his 78th year.

Of gout, on the morning of the 27th ultimo, JOHN R. PALETHORP, Sr. of this city, in his 63d year, at his country seat, Buckingham Place, Bridgewater, Bucks county.

On the morning of the 27th ultimo, Mr. THOS. STEWART, in his 81st year.

On the evening of the 22d ultimo, A. CLARK BRITTAIN, in his 22d year.

On the 25th ultimo, Mr. JAMES GAY, in his 61st year.

On the 26th ultimo, Dr. LAJUS, in his 45th year.

On Sunday, 25th ultimo, HARRIET P. eldest daughter of the late Wm. L. Potts, in his 59th year.

On the 26th ultimo, MATHIAS SPEAR, in his 47th year.

On the 24th ultimo, HARRIET, wife of Peter Streeper, and daughter of the late John and Elizabeth Hoffman, in her 48th year.

TO PRINTERS.

A DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER OFFICE, in one of the best Counties in OHIO, having a good Subscription List, and large Advertising patronage, together with the greater part of the county printing, will be sold for $1,500, in payments to suit purchasers. Enquire of the Publishers of THE POST.

BOOK AGENTS

WANTED, to sell RAPID SELLING, Valuable Family Works, AT LOW PRICES, WITH INTERESTING CONTENTS, and Superbly Colored Plates. For circulars, with full particulars, apply, if you live East, to HENRY HOWE, 102 Nassau street, New York; if you live West, the same, 117 Main Street, Cincinnati. mh15-1f

This ARM and HAND are so perfect imitations of nature that the wearer's loss is quite unnoticed. The joints of the elbow, wrist, fingers and thumb are all gracefully moved by elastic tendons, and rendered useful to the *utmost extent.*

THE PATENT LEG has been in use 12 years, and the inventor has received over all competitors fifty most honorary awards from distinguished and scientific societies in the principal cities of the world; among which are the great MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITION in LONDON and NEW YORK. Nearly 3,000 limbs in daily use, and an increasing patronage indicate the satisfaction "Palmer's Patent" has given.

Pamphlets, giving full information, sent gratis to every applicant. B. FRANK PALMER, oct6-1y 376 Chesnut St., Philada.

BEWARE!

of the volcanic dyes that singe the hair, poison the blood, and change the color of the skin.

DR. CHILTON,

CHEMIST TO THE CROTON BOARD, the head of his profession,

HAS ANALYZED

CRISTADORO'S EXCELSIOR HAIR DYE, and declares that

THIS MATCHLESS DYE

contains no particle of deleterious matter. Hair of any obnoxious color is

INSTANTLY CHANGED

to black or any shade of brown.

Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers. CRISTADORO.

de8-cow2t No. 6 Astor House, New York

HO FOR FISHING. A BOOK OF 100 pages on angling for 25 cts. Highly illustrated. Send for one and try it. Address J. J. DEKIN, Hawley, Pa.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM,
109 Nassau street, New York.

TWO WORKS,

VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 BROADWAY, New York.

1st. Six Lectures on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchial and Skin Diseases; and Male and Female Complaints. On the Mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 300 pages, 24 engravings. Price 50 cents, in silver or P. O. Stamps.

2nd. A work on Heart Disease, Palsy, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhœa of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Costiveness, Diphtheria, Sore Throats, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the Diseases of Elderly and Old People, with Medical Prescriptions for 9 of these diseases.—The Prescriptions alone worth $500.

Why we Grow Old and What Cures a Disease?

168 pages, 6 engravings. Price 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County and Post Office. nov24-3m

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

1,000 AGENTS WANTED

TO CANVASS FOR

NEW AND POPULAR BOOKS,

WHICH ARE SOLD

EXCLUSIVELY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

These Works include the most *Saleable Books Published, and Agents now in our employ are making from* $50 to $100 per month.

We give our Agents the EXCLUSIVE CONTROL of any ground they may agree to canvass. For full particulars and Catalogue of Books, address

J. W. BRADLEY, Publisher,
No. 48 North Fourth St.,
PHILADELPHIA.

N. B.—We have just published an Edition of

FAMILY QUARTO BIBLES,

In a New and Beautiful Style of Binding, gotten up expressly for Agents and Canvassers. dc8-4t

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES.

NEW IMPROVEMENTS—REDUCED PRICES.

THE WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

beg to state that, in the reduction of the prices of their Sewing Machines, the public shall have the benefit of the decisions of the United States Courts in favor of their patents. This reduction is made in the belief that they will hereafter have no litigation expenses in defence of their rights. The Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machines will now be sold at rates that will pay fair profits on the capital invested, cost of manufacture, and expense of making sales—such prices as will enable the Company, as heretofore, to sell first-class machines, and warrant them in every particular.

They are adapted to every want that can be supplied by a Sewing Machine, and approved alike by Families, Dress-Makers, Corset-Makers, Gaiter-Fitters, Shoe-Binders, Vest-Makers, and Tailors generally.

☞ Each Machine complete with a Hemmer.

OFFICE, NO. 505 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. dc1-4t

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS,

SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED—An agent in every county, to engage in the sale of beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my publications, sent on application. Address

DUANE RULISON,
Quaker City Publishing House,
No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
oct27-tf

TEACHERS and EMPLOYERS of TEACHERS should have the Prospectus of "AMERICAN SCHOOL INSTITUTE." Apply, with stamp, to SMITH, WOODMAN & CO., nov17-6t 600 Chestnut St., Philad'a.

GROVER & BAKER'S CELEBRATED NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Is simple in construction, easily learned, and with proper management never gets out of order.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Hems, Fells, Gathers and Stitches and Fastens its own Seams, thereby saving time and thread.

THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Sews equally well on all Fabrics, from the finest Swiss Muslin to the heaviest cloth or leather.

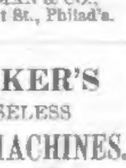
THE GROVER & BAKER MACHINE
Sews from original Spools, without rewinding, and forms a seam unsurpassed for beauty, elasticity and strength.

THE GROVER & BAKER STITCH
Is the Double Lock Stitch which forms a seam that will not rip, even if every fourth stitch is cut. It is the only stitch that survives the washing tub on bias seams.

PRINCIPAL SALES-ROOMS.
495 Broadway, New York.
18 Summer St., Boston.
181 Baltimore St., Baltimore.
730 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
58 West Fourth St., Cincinnati.
124 North Fourth St., St. Louis.
171 Superior St., Cleveland.
115 Lake St., Chicago.

SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. nov24-9t

R. DOLLARD,
511 Chestnut Street,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE EN
HAIR.



Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

"WHY STAND YE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman,) in the United States, possessing a small capital of from $3 to $7, can enter into an easy and respectable business, by which from $5 to $10 PER DAY CAN BE REALIZED. For particulars, address (with stamp,) ACTON & CO., oct6-6t 37 North Sixth St., Philada.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST READING FOR CHILDREN!!

THE LITTLE PILGRIM:

An Illustrated Monthly for Boys and Girls.

EDITED BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

It is filled with
BEAUTIFUL AND INSTRUCTIVE STORIES.
HISTORICAL SKETCHES.
HYMNS, SONGS AND POEMS.
ANECDOTES and SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.
REBUSES, ENIGMAS, PUZZLES, &c., &c.

A new volume will begin with the number for January, 1861, in which will be commenced a new story, written expressly for The Little Pilgrim, by

MARY HOWITT.

TERMS—50 CENTS A YEAR. Specimen copies, containing Club Rates, and a *List of Premiums*, will be sent free of charge to all who request them. Address, *post-paid always*,

LEANDER K. LIPPINCOTT,
dc1-2t 319 *Walnut St., Philada., Pa.*

A DOZEN REASONS
WHY EVERYBODY SHOULD READ
THE WATER-CURE JOURNAL

1.—Because it teaches you how to recover Health.
2.—Because it teaches you how to avoid Disease.
3.—Because it unfolds the true science of Human Life.
4.—It explains the Laws and Conditions of Health.
5.—It enables you to dispense with all Drug Medicines.
6.—It enables you in most cases to be your own Physician.
7.—Its doctrines promote Temperance in all things.
8. It tends to the correction of all Injurious Habits.
9.—Its influence in society is in all respects Reformatory.
10.—Its teachings benefit everybody and injure no one.
11.—It advocates the only possible basis for the enduring prosperity and improvement of the Human Race.
12.—Because it was the first Journal in the world to bring before the people a knowledge of the true or Hygienic System of the Healing Art.

Published monthly for $1 a-year; ten copies for $5.

AGENTS WANTED. Specimens sent on application.

Address FOWLER AND WELLS,
308 Broadway, New York.

☞ A copy of the excellent treatise on Health, entitled WATER-CURE FOR THE MILLION, will be sent gratis to those who send in their subscriptions before January, 1861. dec1-2t

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTING.—AGENTS WANTED, to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent *free*, by addressing, with stamp for return postage, L. L. TODD & CO., nov3-8t Lowell, Mass.

PLEASE TO READ THIS.—If you want Employment, send at once for Mr. SEARS' CIRCULAR TO BOOK AGENTS. Our Publications are considered among the most saleable. Address, post paid, ROBERT SEARS, aug13-1f Publisher, 181 William St., N. Y.

☞ PARENTS AND GUARDIANS ☜
Who wish their Sons, Daughters, or Wards in a good Institution, located in a healthy region, should send for a Prospectus of Coatesville Seminary. Sent free, on application to
JAMES E. GIFFIN, A. M., Principal,
nov.4-tf Coatesville, Chester Co., Pa.

TO LADIES.—Trimmings, Zephyrs, Skirts, Laces, Ribbons, Hair Nets, Corsets, Shawl Borders, J. G. MAXWELL & SON, Chestnut and Eleventh St., Phila. Paid goods, sent by mail or express; 5 pr. ct., discount allowed for cash. nov24-4t

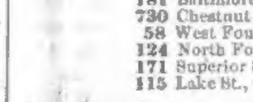
P. P. P.
PARK'S PRICKLY PLASTERS.
They Impart Strength; they Annihilate Pain.

PARK'S Patent POROUS PRICKLY PLASTERS Are Sold By all Dealers From 1 to 2½ Dimes.

THESE DELIGHTFUL PLASTERS yield readily to the motion of the body, absorb perspiration and throw off all the offensive coagulated impurities of the system. They should be used for all Chronic Pains, Faintness, Dyspepsia, Colds, Consumption, Rheumatism, Female Weakness, etc. They retain their active properties when other Plasters are useless, and *where applied pain cannot exist.* Every family should have them. One size on cloth, three sizes on leather. Sample sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents.

D. S. BARNES & CO.,
oct27-3m 13 and 15 Park Row, N. Y.

HOW TO DO IT!—If you wish a fine head of Hair, use LYON'S KATHAIRON, the best and most popular preparation ever made. Its immense sale proves its excellence. It removes all Dandruff, &c., prevents the Hair from falling out, restores and preserves it, and is delightfully perfumed. Sold everywhere, for 25 cents a bottle. nov24-5t



PROF. CLAUDE BERTHIERE'S
"ONGUENT D'EUGENIE."
FOR FRECKLES AND TAN.
THE NEWEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY.

First introduced at the Court of France, and inaugurated by the Empress, and by gracious permission passed in her honor, *removes Freckles, Tan*, and all unnatural discolorations of the skin *immediately on application*, as if by magic. As it is composed entirely of vegetable substances, it does not injure the skin, but simply *restores the complexion to its original and natural brilliancy and brightness.* It is unnecessary to say that Freckles in the face is one of the most disagreeable and disgusting drawbacks to perfect beauty; and, as *for the first time*, the means of removing this bug-bear is placed before the world, *none* of the afflicted should neglect to avail themselves of it. *It is a duty which we owe to our friends as well as ourselves.* The undersigned has obtained the Sole and Exclusive Agency for the United States and Canada, and none can be genuine that is not derived directly from him.

PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Sent, with full directions, to any address, by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

Address MARTIN J. DUPONT,
del-2t New York.

A WELL QUALIFIED and EXPERIENCED TEACHER of English branches, French and Music, desires a new engagement. Best references given. Address, with particulars, MISS ANNA CRAWFORD, nov17-4t Box 1669, Philad'a., Pa.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE AMALGAMATION OF LANGUAGES.—There is a growing tendency in this age to appropriate the most expressive words of other languages, and after a while to incorporate them into our own; thus the word Cephalic, which is from the Greek, signifying "for the head," is now becoming popularized in connection with Mr. Spalding's great Headache remedy, but it will soon be used in a more general way, and the word Cephalic will become as common as Electrotype and many others whose distinction as foreign words has been worn away by common usage until they seem "native and to the manor born."

'ardly Realized.

Hi 'ad 'n 'orrible 'eadache this hafternoon, hand I stepped into the hapothecaries, hand says hi to the man, "Can you hease me of an 'eadache?" "Does it hache 'ard," says 'e. "Hexceedingly," says hi, hand upon that 'e gave me a Cephalic Pill, hand 'pon me 'onor it cured me so quick that I 'ardly realized I 'ad 'ad an 'eadache.

☞ HEADACHE is the favorite sign by which nature makes known any deviation whatever from the natural state of the brain, and viewed in this light it may be looked on as a safeguard intended to give notice of disease which might otherwise escape attention, till too late to be remedied; and its indications should never be neglected. Headaches may be classified under two names, viz.: Symptomatic and Idiopathic. Symptomatic Headache is exceedingly common, and is the precursor of a great variety of diseases, among which are Apoplexy, Gout, Rheumatism and all febrile diseases. In its nervous form it is sympathetic of disease of the stomach constituting *Sick Headache*, of hepatic disease, constituting *Bilious Headache*, of worms, constipation and other disorders of the bowels, as well as renal and uterine affections. Diseases of the heart are very frequently attended with Headaches; Anæmia and plethora are also affections which frequently occasion headache. Idiopathic Headache is also very common, being usually distinguished by the name of *Nervous Headache*, sometimes coming on suddenly in a state of apparently sound health, and prostrating at once the mental and physical energies, and in other instances it comes on slowly, heralded by depression of spirits or acerbity of temper. In most instances the pain is in the front of the head, over one or both eyes, and sometimes provoking vomiting; under this class may also be named *Neuralgia*.

For the treatment of either class of Headache the Cephalic Pills have been found a sure and safe remedy, relieving the most acute pains in a few minutes, and by its subtle power eradicating the diseases of which Headache is the unerring index.

BRIDGET.—Missus wants you to send her a box of Cephalic Glue, no, a bottle of Prepared Pills—but I'm thinking that's not just it neither; but perhaps ye'll be after knowing what it is. Ye see she's nigh dead and gone with the Sick Headache, and wants some more of that same as relaived her before.

Druggist.—You must mean Spalding's Cephalic Pills.

Bridget.—Och! sure now and you've sed it, here's the quarter and giv me the Pills and don't be all day about it aither.

Constipation or Costiveness.

No one of the "many ills flesh is heir to" is so prevalent, so little understood, and so much neglected as Costiveness. Often originating in carelessness, or sedentary habits; it is regarded as a slight disorder of too little consequence to excite anxiety, while in reality it is the precursor and companion of many of the most fatal and dangerous diseases, and unless early eradicated it will bring the sufferer to an untimely grave.—Among the lighter evils of which Costiveness is the usual attendant, are Headache, Colic, Rheumatism, Foul Breath, Piles, and others of like nature, while a long train of frightful diseases, such as Malignant Fevers, Abscesses, Dysentery, Diarrhœa, Dyspepsia, Apoplexy, Epilepsy, Paralysis, H

Wit and Humor.

AN OBEDIENT HAND.

Several good stories, current some fifty years ago, in the little town of Woodbury, Connecticut, are still remembered of one Gen. Hinton, who was an eccentric old farmer in that vicinity. The General feared neither God nor man, but loved Mammon, and was remarkably keen-sighted in his service of his chosen deity. He was noted among his farming neighbors for his peculiar management of his hired help. For many years his men had invariably left him before their "time was out," and, in consequence, had forfeited their wages. The General was always rather austere in the treatment of his workmen, but he usually took care to let more than half of the time agreed upon at commencement elapse before he set about offending, and so getting rid of a man, with forfeit of wages. Every one in the neighborhood of Woodbury knowing the peculiar propensity of this cunning old farmer, no laborers could be hired, at any price, about home; and consequently a stranger, seeking to do with his might what his hands found, usually unshouldered his bundle at the General's gate, and went into the field.

One day, in the busy season, a stranger came along, sought work, and, as usual, was hired. After a few days, he was not a little surprised on being told by one of the neighbors that he guessed he would leave before his time was up, as no man had ever been able, thus far, to remain so long in the employ of General H. The man thought differently; and perceiving how his employer would manage the matter, resolved to do just as he was bidden, without caring whether the command was reasonable or otherwise.

Early one morning, after this man had worked about half as many months as had been agreed upon at commencement, the General came into the farm-yard as usual. John was ordered to carry a bundle of straw, then lying by the stable-door, into the middle of a field near at hand, and to leave it about midway between two trees, which grew several rods apart. John complied, without a word; and on his return for further orders, was shown a cart-rope, with orders to stretch the same from tree to tree, at least eight feet from the ground. This was also done; and John again returned to seek further orders, inwardly laughing at his employer's unsuccessful attempts to disturb him.

"Now, John," said the General, in reply to his rather crank "What next, sir?" "you may unbind that bundle, and throw the straws over the rope, one by one, and when you have done, come again."

Much to the surprise of his employer, John did as he was bidden. Some time was required to complete the task; and when he returned with the report of complete success, and demanded another job, the General gave it up, and telling him, with real admiration for his coolness, that he was the first man he could not get mad, ordered him to the field to join the other laborers.

From that day John's employer was quite agreeable. The time was worked out, to the surprise of all not concerned, and John was the first man ever known to get a month's wages from old General Hinton.

AN UNUSUAL CHURCH NOTICE.—A minister found, one Sabbath, a notice of a public meeting which had been cut from the Saturday's newspaper, and placed in his desk for him to read to his congregation. But, by a strange coincidence, there happened to be printed on the *other* side of the same slip the advertisement of a certain shoe-dealer, a prominent member of his church, and without turning the paper to read the other side, as the advertisement met his eye, the good man concluded it was expected he would read it, and accordingly, to the surprise of all, he announced, at the usual point for reading notices, that—

"George S. B—— keeps constantly on hand, and for sale, a large and well-selected assortment of boots and shoes, which he will sell low for cash, at No. —, —— street;" and added, "Brother B—— is a worthy member of this church and society, and deserving the patronage of the congregation."

The grateful astonishment of Brother B—— may better be imagined than described.

FAMILY CONNECTION.—A gentleman, while occupied in explaining the armorial sculptures on the tombs of a noble family in England, observed a person of the lower class siding up to him with an air of much importance. Thereupon, without seeming to withdraw his attention from the insignia of the illustrious dead, he devoted part of it nevertheless, in side glances, to the stranger, who, after a preliminary cough, and elevation of his body so far beyond his previous height, that one might have fancied it composed of India-rubber, thus delivered himself:

"I was connected, sir, with that family."

"Indeed!" said the gentleman, not a little surprised at the shabby appearance of this scion of nobility; "how were you connected with it?"

"In the shoemaker line, sir."

COCKNEY DIALECT.—An exchange paper publishes the subjoined paragraph:

"Arry, 'op hup and go down to Mr. 'Arris's and hax 'm hif 'e 'as a bit of hash or hoak to make a 'ammer 'andle."

We can remember something about as good, and quite true. An English actor was playing Pierre, in "William Tell."

Pierre has the following speech:

"Horrible! Most horrible! To save his own and Albert's life, Tell has consented to shoot an apple off his own son's head."

The actor knocked about the h's thus:

"Orrible, most orrible—to save 'is hown hand Halbert's life, Tell 'as consented to shoot han happle hoff 'is hown son's 'ead."

☞ "Johnny, how many seasons are there?" "Six: spring, summer, autumn, winter, opera, and 'Thompson's Seasons.'"

EPITAPHS

On Mrs. Ann Jennings.

Some have children, some have none;
Here lies the mother of twenty-one.

On Mrs. Mary Page.

Here lies Dame Mary Page.
Relict of Sir George Page, Bart.
She departed this life March 4, 1728,
In the 58th year of her age.
In 67 months she was tapped 66 times, &
Had taken away 340 gallons of water.

In Augusta, Maine.

After life's *Scarlet Fever*,
I sleep well.

"AXING FOR HER."—Colonel Dick Nash tells a rich story about axing "for her," in his earlier days. He was deeply smitten with the daughter of a wealthy old gentleman residing in Alabama. The Colonel, self-confident of success, arrayed himself in his best suit, and proceeded to call on the "parent," for the purpose of obtaining his consent to the consummation he devoutly wished. Matters had all along gone on smoothly. Colonel Nash had every ground to hope for success. Finally a convenient season arrived for him to approach the old 'un. Says the Colonel:

"Squire, my business here to-day is to ask for your daughter's hand."

"It is, is it? What! you marry my gal? Look here, young man, leave my premises instanter, and if ever you set foot here again, I'll make my niggers skin you. Marry my daughter indeed! You—"

The Colonel had left. He saw that the old gentleman was angry. After getting off to a safe place, he thought he would turn and take a last fond look at the home of his lost idol—when he spied the old man busy, with spade in hand, shoveling up his tracks from the yard, and throwing them over the fence! Col. Nash imagined he was an unwelcome visitor at that house.

TAKING IT EASY.—When the Fourth Regiment Illinois Volunteers were preparing for the Mexican War, a camp for instruction was held near Springfield. Col. Baker had, on one occasion, ordered the regiment to parade for inspection on a certain day. Judge his surprise, on riding through the camp on his way to the head of his regiment, to find one entire company "lying around loose" under the trees, while, monopolizing an extra shady place, lay stretched at full length the first sergeant.

Col.—Why, sergeant, what is the meaning of this? Why have you not your men on parade, sir?

Sergeant.—(Without rising, and looking lazily over his shoulder at the colonel,) *We've about concluded not to parade to-day, Colonel!*

It may be added that the company *did* parade that day, notwithstanding the "conclusion" they had come to.

AN ANECDOTE FOR LEGISLATORS.—Judge M—— was a candidate for the Senate, and had made a speech in which he had borne very hard upon his opponent, Colonel D——, who was very fiery and impulsive. The Colonel, in reply, became very angry, and said, among other things, that he could whip the Judge before forty men could part them. Judge M—— calmly retorted that, "when he was a boy, his father had a very large bull, that could whip any bull in the neighborhood, far and near. But," said he, with a sort of deprecating tone, "my father's bull could not *legislate*," and then quietly took his seat. The audience were perfectly satisfied that fighting was not the best qualification for a Senator.

BEEF TEA.—A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him sick. "Why, minister," said the doctor, "I'll try the tea myself." So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," says the minister, "is that the way ye sup it?" "What ither way should it be suppit? It's excellent, I say, minister." "It may be gude that way, doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then see hoo ye like it."

POPULATION OF LONDON.—If London were surrounded by a wall, having a north gate, a south gate, an east gate, and a west gate, and each of the four gates were of sufficient width to allow a column of persons to pass out freely four abreast, and a peremptory necessity required the immediate vacation of the city, it could not be accomplished under twenty-four hours; by the expiration of which time the head of each of the four columns would have advanced no less a distance than seventy-five miles from the respective gates, all the people being in close file, four deep.

LIVING NEAR TO GOD.—One day a little girl about five years old heard a preacher of a certain denomination praying most lustily, till the roof rang with the strength of his supplications. Turning to her mother and beckoning the maternal ear down to a speaking distance, she whispered:

"Mother, don't you think that if he lived nearer to God he wouldn't have to talk so loud?"

Such a question is worth a volume on "elocution in prayer."

☞ Fish, at least, if no other animals, have cause to believe that it is a bad practice to think of rising in life upon somebody else's hook.

☞ Oftentimes the "fastest" young women are the most easily overtaken by the galloping consumption.

☞ Oftentimes those best able to dispense charities are most in the habit of dispensing with them.

☞ A man who strives earnestly and perseveringly to convince others, at least convinces us that he is convinced himself.

☞ It is a great deal better to say less than half what you think, than to think only half what you say.

☞ Any fool can make a woman talk, but it requires a very clever man to make her listen.

AN UNPLEASANT JOKE.

ADOLPHUS, on a visit to his lady love, was not conscious that his "friend" Fred had purloined a notice from a pie-stand, and stuck it into his cap. —*Vanity Fair.*

HEAVEN.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Oh, Heaven!—oh, beautiful and boundless sky!
Upon whose breast bright stars and planets lie,
Unnumbered and innumerable, ever
Mocking with brightening eyes man's vain endeavor!
Thou radiant wilderness through which the moon
Moves like a spirit, without voice or tune
Accompanied, or song or choral shout,
Save what the universal spheres send out
For aye,—inaudible, though vast and deep!
Thou world of worlds, within whose arms the sun
Awakens; and, when his bright task is done
Like a reposing child lies down to sleep,
Amongst thy golden bowers!
Oh, gentle Heaven!
Art thou indeed the home,—the happy shore,
Where creatures wearied of this earth are driven,—
Where Hate is not,—where Envy cannot soar,
And nought save unimaginable Love
And tenderest Peace (a white-winged dove),
And beauty and perennial bloom are seen,
And angels breathing in Elysian air
Divinest music, and young shapes, more fair
Than Houris pacing soft through pathways over green?

SHOOTING YOUR OWN MEN.—During the Peninsular war, an officer of artillery had just served a gun with admirable precision against a body of men posted in a wood to his left. When the Duke rode up, after turning his glass for a moment in the direction of the shot, he said, in his cool way:

"Well aimed, captain; but no more; they are our own 99th!"

This sad blunder has been repeated too often in the armies of Jesus. With what fatal frequency have great guns of the church, which might have battered down citadels of Satan, been misdirected against Christian brethren! There are surely devilries enough in the world to shoot at, without firing into each other.—*Rev. S. Colley.*

Agricultural.

FACTS IN BEE-CULTURE.

A correspondent of the Congregationalist, gives the following as translated from a German work:—

Maximum Weight of the Brood in a Hive.—If we suppose the greatest number of eggs laid by a queen-bee in a day to be 2000, a hive might contain at one time, 10,000 worms, and 32,000 immature bees. The worm, when first hatched, weighs 300th part of a grain, and when fully grown three grains. Take the average, 10,000 worms weigh 15,000 grains. These worms, during their transformation, decrease in weight, and lose half of it before the bee matures. At an average of 2½ grains, 32,000 immature bees weigh 72,000 grains. The entire brood would, therefore, weigh 87,000 grains, or about 11½ pounds.

Quantity of Honey which an acre of Buckwheat can yield in a Day.—There were 350 hives, which, in the circuit of half a league, had the range of 72 acres of buckwhea. On the most favorable days, each of these hives, on an average, gained three pounds of buckwheat honey daily. If they all secured 1,050 pounds from 75 acres in a single day, the average for each acre would be about 14 pounds of honey daily.

Number of Journeys daily made from a strong Stock.—Van Berlepsch has had stocks which brought in 11 pounds of honey in a day; Kaden, in Ments, had days when one stock brought 28 pounds. The sap which a honey-bag holds, weighs but a grain, and as a pound contains 7,680 grains, the bee, in order to bring in 28 pounds of honey in one day, must make no less than 215,040 journeys.

Statistics of Bee-culture in Moravia in the Spring of 1859.—In 36 school districts, containing 1,390 parishes, there were 3,650 bee-keepers, and 23,591 bee-hives. The subject received most attention in the Kostel district of 30 parishes—109 bee-keepers, and 1,345 hives; and least in the Kanitz district of 15 parishes, 47 bee-keepers and 258 hives.

Is there a Limit to the Weight of Honey which Stocks can Obtain.—Supposing a particular district to have a full supply all the year through, could stocks collect honey *ad infinitum*? Or, if one fed a stock daily with twenty pounds of honey, could the bees continue to take it? or, in other words, can a hive reach a weight of ten thousand pounds? This inquiry came up among some apiarists at a recent convention. There appears to be a limit here. A hive cannot contain more than 84,000 bees; for, since a stock becomes extinct in six weeks, in a hive of 84,000, 2,000 bees perish daily. And this is the maximum number daily maturing in such a hive. Since the addition and loss in a hive containing 84,000 bees, is, therefore, equal, no increase of size is possible. While the number of bees is limited, they also distribute themselves, when the hive has a great supply of honey, and consequently, a large extent of comb, so that at last only solitary bees are found at the extremities of the sheets. On account of this scattering, and on account of their desire to build being diminished by the extent of the combs, the work of construction, if not wholly suspended, must be reduced to a minimum when the supply of honey reaches a certain point; and the more, since the cells all become so full that only a few are left for brood, and a decrease of population must inevitably follow. *With the suspension of comb-building* the collection of honey must, of course, cease for want of room in which to store it.

Hygrometric Condition of a Bee-hive.—On placing a geranium-hygrometer in a hive between combs covered by bees, it shrank. Though the weather was so damp and rainy that the spirals were wholly unwound, it shrank into four twists. A hair-hygrometer being placed in a hive in damp weather, after half an hour indicated fine weather. Kitchen salt, which, outside of the hive, in the open air, dissolved to water, became dry when laid in cells of combs covered by the bees. The atmosphere near the cluster of bees is, therefore, considerably drier than that without. There is indeed a considerable evaporation within the hive, but the water remains in the form of vapor in the vicinity of the cluster, while in other parts it condenses, as we see in winter in the drops and icicles which are found at a distance from the cluster.

COMPOSITION OF APPLES.—All know, says an exchange, that the various sorts of apples differ much in composition, yet, in an average condition, 100 pounds of fresh apples contain about 3.2 pounds of fibre, 0.2 pounds of gluten, fat, and wax, 0.16 of casein, 1.4 of albumen, 3.1 of dextrine, 8.3 of sugar, 0.8 of malic acid, 83.66 of water. Besides the above-mentioned elements, the apple contains a small quantity of tannic and gallic acids, most in the russets. To these acids, apples owe their astringency of taste, and the blackening of iron or steel instruments used to cut them. The percentage of ash in the apple is small, yet it is rich in phosphoric and sulphuric acids, potash and soda. The dry matter of melons contains quite a large percentage of albumen, casein, sugar and dextrine, with a small quantity of acid.

GUANO FOR GRAPES.—In a prize essay on the cultivation of grapes in the Colony of Victoria, it is stated that guano had been used on grape vines with much benefit. "The first year of its application it had no visible effect on the stocks; the second it produced much wood and large berries, but no increased quantity of bunches; but in the third year it was astonishing to observe the great difference between twelve rows that had been manured with guano, and other twelve rows that had not been manured at all—the former looked healthy, dark green, had long strong branches loaded with large bunches of fruit, and far more advanced than others in their neighborhood."

SOUTHERN ILLINOIS.—Mrs. Frances D. Gage says in a communication to the Ohio Farmer, that "The seasons are so long in Southern Illinois that I am sure sweet potatoes planted here in April, might be eaten by the 1st of August in good seasons; and planted the 1st of July, they would ripen in October for winter use. Some broom corn came up in our garden in the middle of May, and ripened; as there were but a few stalks, we paid no attention to it. The seeds fell, and new sprouts came up and ripened also, sufficiently to have been lopped before the frost came; two crops could be easily raised, I think."

COMFORTS FOR COWS.—Now that the cold season is setting in, let the cows, especially the milk-givers, have all needful attention.—They should be well housed and well fed.—The stables should be just moderately warm, well ventilated, clean, and provided with suitable bedding. Aside from the mere matter of food and drink, the animals should be kept comfortable. This matter can hardly be over-estimated.

Then, as to fodder: part of this, of course, should be straw and hay and cornstalks; but to expect cows to give much milk on such lean fare is folly. Favor them with messes of chopped roots, of cut straw, or stalks mixed with meal of some kind. A favorite mess for cattle, with a friend of ours, is this: Cut up hay or straw or stalks in pieces not more than an inch or inch and a-half long, put the provender in a tub or tight box, and pour boiling water upon it; then sprinkle on a little salt, and cover the whole with a little bran or meal to keep the steam in. When cold, feed it in messes of a bushel at a time. Good as this is, it should be varied from time to time, for cows like variety as well as men.—Cows should be salted two or three times a week. In mild weather they should range by day in a commodious yard, protected on two sides, at least, by covered sheds. And this yard should have a pen-stock of running water, or a trough kept full from a good pump; the first is the best.—*American Agriculturist.*

TO WALK OR DRIVE IN A STRAIGHT LINE.—The Dairy Farmer gives the following directions for "going straight," which, though familiar to most farmers, may not be to all:

At the starting place, fix the eye in the direction of the stake, or other termination, and notice some object in the distance beyond, that is in range or line with the eye and stake. Go towards the stake, keeping the eye upon it, and the object beyond; and as long as the three are kept in range, the line travelled over will be straight, but as soon as the three are out of range, they indicate that the person moving has deviated from the straight line, and he may get back into line at once by bringing himself in range with the stake and distant object.

SALTING FENCE POSTS.—A correspondent of the New Hampshire Journal of Agriculture, says, that thirty years ago he set some fence posts which, upon recent examination, proved to be perfectly sound. This preservation he attributes to the fact of his having bored each post with a two-inch auger, about three inches above the ground, filling the hole with salt and plugging it up. The quantity of salt to each post, was about half a pint.

VENTILATION OF APPLE BARRELS.—Apples packed in barrels should not be headed so tight but that the moisture that accumulates in them may pass out. Constant circulation of air among them, preserves their flavor and color, and prevents rapid decay.

Useful Receipts.

PUMPKIN PIES.—A correspondent of the *Genesee Farmer* writes: "My wife believes that she has discovered a new method of making pumpkin pies which has many advantages. Instead of stewing the pumpkin, bake it in large pieces with the skin on, in the stove oven; then scoop out the pumpkin, and treat it as if stewed. The labor and care is very much diminished, and the pie improved in quality."

MUSTY BARRELS.—Many barrels at this season are found to have become musty, and in that state are unfit for use. Put into them a pint of unslaked, fresh lime; pour thereon one or two gallons of water; bung up and shake the barrel; while shaking, loosen the bung occasionally to give vent; when it has stood from three to six hours, pour out, and then rinse with clean cold water. If not perfectly sweet, repeat the dose. Usually one application will be sufficient.

CIDER YEAST.—Take cider from sour apples before it ferments, scald, skim thoroughly, and pour, while hot, upon flour enough to make stiff batter. When cool, add yeast of any kind, and let it rise, stirring it down as often as it tries to run over, for several days, then put in a cool place, (where it will not freeze) and you will have something equal to the best hop yeast. It will keep until May without any further labor.—*Rural New Yorker.*

TO KEEP ICE FROM SHOW WINDOWS.—We find the following directions to keep ice from "show windows," going the rounds:—Take an ordinary paint brush or sponge, and run over the glass once or twice a day a little alcohol, and it will keep the glass as free from ice as in the middle of summer, and it will also give as good a polish as can be got in any other way.

ICED GRAPES.—Take large, close bunches of fine, ripe, thin-skinned grapes, and remove any that are imperfect. Tie a string in a loop to the top of the stem. Strain into a deep dish a sufficient quantity of white of egg. Dip the bunches of grapes into it, immersing them thoroughly. Then drain them, and roll them about in a flat dish of finely-powdered loaf sugar till they are completely coated with it, using your fingers to spread the sugar into the hollows between the grapes. Hang up the bunches by the strings, till the icing is entirely dry. They should be dried in a warm place. Send them to the supper-table at a party, on glass dishes.

Ripe currants may be iced as above. Raspberries, strawberries, ripe gooseberries, plums and cherries may be thus dipped in white of egg, and rolled in sugar.—*Ruralist.*

INDIA-RUBBER LUBRICATOR.—Take one gallon of rape seed or of lard oil, and heat it to about 212 deg. Fah., then add half a pound of India rubber cut into fine shreds, and stir the whole until the rubber is dissolved. This is held to be a superior anti-friction lubricator.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 30 letters.
My 8, 14, 20, 12, is a country in Africa.
My 10, 2, 21, 10, 23, 24, 15, 29, is one of the United States.
My 11, 21, 26, 27, 10, 4, is a river in Africa.
My 12, 18, 27, 10, 5, 1, 20, 29, 9, is a mountain in North America.
My 28, 8, 12, is a lake in British America.
My 17, 7, 22, 12, 18, 24, is an island in Asia.
My 17, 12, 4, 29, 21, is a cape in Ireland.
My 10, 4, 27, 13, 8, is a gulf in Europe.
My 3, 25, 21, 8, is a sea in Asia.
My 30, 24, 13, 18, 27, 30, is an archipelago in Oceanica.
My 13, 3, 24, 10, 12, 30, is a bay in Ireland.
My 17, 11, 21, 9, is a city in Ireland.
My 14, 24, 15, 7, 5, 4, 21, is a river in Europe.
My 21, 8, 28, 27, 23, is a lake in British America.
My 25, 8, 27, 4, is a county in Illinois.
My whole caused great excitement throughout the United States. STEPHEN.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 35 letters.
My 14, 15, 7, 5, 24, is much resorted to during the summer.
My 21, 15, 4, 5, 18, 11, 14, 12, 1, 17, 5, is the State in which the first cotton mill in the Union was erected.
My 6, 23, 23, 9, 25, is an adverb.
My 8, 1, 21, 14, was the god of war.
My 30, 25, 7, 17, 2, 9, is a delicious West India fruit.
My 13, 16, 3, 6, is a ferocious wild beast.
My 14, 1, 10, is a carpenter's tool.
My 19, 13, 4, 25, 7, was the goddess of flowers.
My whole is an excellent proverb, well worthy the attention of all.

Granville Co., N. C. B. G. E.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Matthew Mathematicus owns a triangular tract of land, whereof the first line (which we will consider as the base line) is 300 perches in length. The difference in the squares of the two other sides is 10800. And if the perpendicular is raised from the said base line to the opposite included angle of the two other sides, at a right angle from the said base line, and thus dividing it into two unequal sections, this perpendicular is in length 92 perches longer than the shorter portion of the base line; whereas the other and longer portion of the base line is found in length to that of the perpendicular as 3 is to 4. From this I would like to know the area of the said triangular tract of land, and the length of the other two sides? DANIEL DIEFENBACH

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Can the young mind distrust my worth?
Consult the monarchs of the earth.
Imperial Czars and Sultans own
No gem so bright that decks their throne;
They each for me their crown would quit,
And turn a rustic or a cit.
Mark, though I'm often lost with ease,
I'm not recovered when you please;
For they who slight my golden rules
In wisdom's volume, stand for fools.
The marble monuments proclaim;
The graveyard too confirms the same.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill. J. SIMMONS.

REBUS.

The initials form a county in the United Kingdom, and the finals the division in which it lies:

An Indian poison.
To draw a conclusion.
A cavern.
To destroy.
A lady's name.
An opportunity.
A long, thin, stick.

ROSICRUCIAN.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Five men, namely, A, B, C, D and E, had each some ready cash. The cash of A, together with one-third of what the other four had, amounted to $680. The cash of B, together with one-fourth of what the other four had, amounted to $660. The cash of C, together with one-sixth of what the other four had, amounted to $600. The cash of D, together with one-eighth of what the other four had, amounted to $645. And the cash of E, together with one-twelfth of what the other four had, amounted to $700. For which, all of their money, they together bought 198 acres of land; all of equal value. Now, in dividing this land among themselves, according to what each had money to advance in the purchase thereof, the question is made, how many acres and perches did each man get for his own money?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a conscientious baker like a ship without ballast? Ans.—Because, being short of weight, he gives a roll over.

☞ Why is a blacksmith constantly deserving confinement in the penitentiary? Ans.—Because he is a forger by trade.

☞ A CHESS CON.—Why are all games of chess of equal duration? Ans.—Because it takes just *four knights* to play every game.

☞ Why do white sheep eat more than black ones? Ans.—Because there are more of them.

☞ Which is the smallest bridge in the world? Ans.—The bridge of the nose.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—Osiris, the son of Jupiter and Niobe. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Subscribe for THE POST. CHARADE—Carpentry. RIDDLE—Contentment. PROBLEM—3.906104 inches.

☞ Answer to ANALYTICAL QUESTION, published October 27th.—$30 silver, $20 gold. Answered by Amanda A. Colwell, *Kenosha*; Artemus Martin, *Venango Co., Pa.* and C. Fawcett, *Ohio.*

☞ Ellen Sandidge, *Belleville, Ill.*, corrects the answer to ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, published October 6th, from 7 1-5 to 7¼ days.

☞ Surely half the world must be blind; they can see nothing unless it glitters.